

The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREEN AND

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Betty  
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ADVICE TO  
19-YEAR-OLDS  
FROM  
JACKIE COOPER

GEORGE SANDERS in "THE MOON AND SIXPENCE"  
Sensational Film From Famous Story Fictionized  
CHARLIE CHAPLIN TALKS ABOUT PAULETTE GODDARD!



"It's from Edna..."

# She and Bob have Broken Up"

"The poor darling! I thought they were as good as engaged. What's the trouble?"

"She doesn't give any specific reason. Just says that he'd been acting indifferent for some time—then last week he up and married somebody else. But that isn't the worst of it! She lost her job again."

Aunt Vi's face fell. "It doesn't sound possible! Every letter told how well she was doing. Getting such a nice position seemed our reward for all the sacrifices we made to put her through college."

Mrs. Black's hand trembled: "Well, there it is. You can read the letter yourself. Poor dear."

"But doesn't she give any reason?"

"No, just says that Mr. Brownley told her they wanted an older woman."

"Well, one thing I'm certain of," said Aunt Vi, with finality, "it wasn't Edna's fault. It simply couldn't be!"

## You May Not Know

But it *was* Edna's fault . . . just as it can be the fault of countless other women. And like so many of these women, Edna was the last to suspect it.

Halitosis (bad breath) may endanger every social charm, every business talent.

The insidious thing about it is that the victim may not be aware of its presence. Who would blame a man for losing interest in a woman, or an employer for "easing out" an employee with that kind of a breath?

## Don't Risk Offending

Isn't it foolish to run the risk of offending this way when there is an easy and delightful precaution against it?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, notable for its amazing antiseptic power. Almost immediately the breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, it is the opinion of some

authorities that most cases are caused by bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth and gum surfaces.

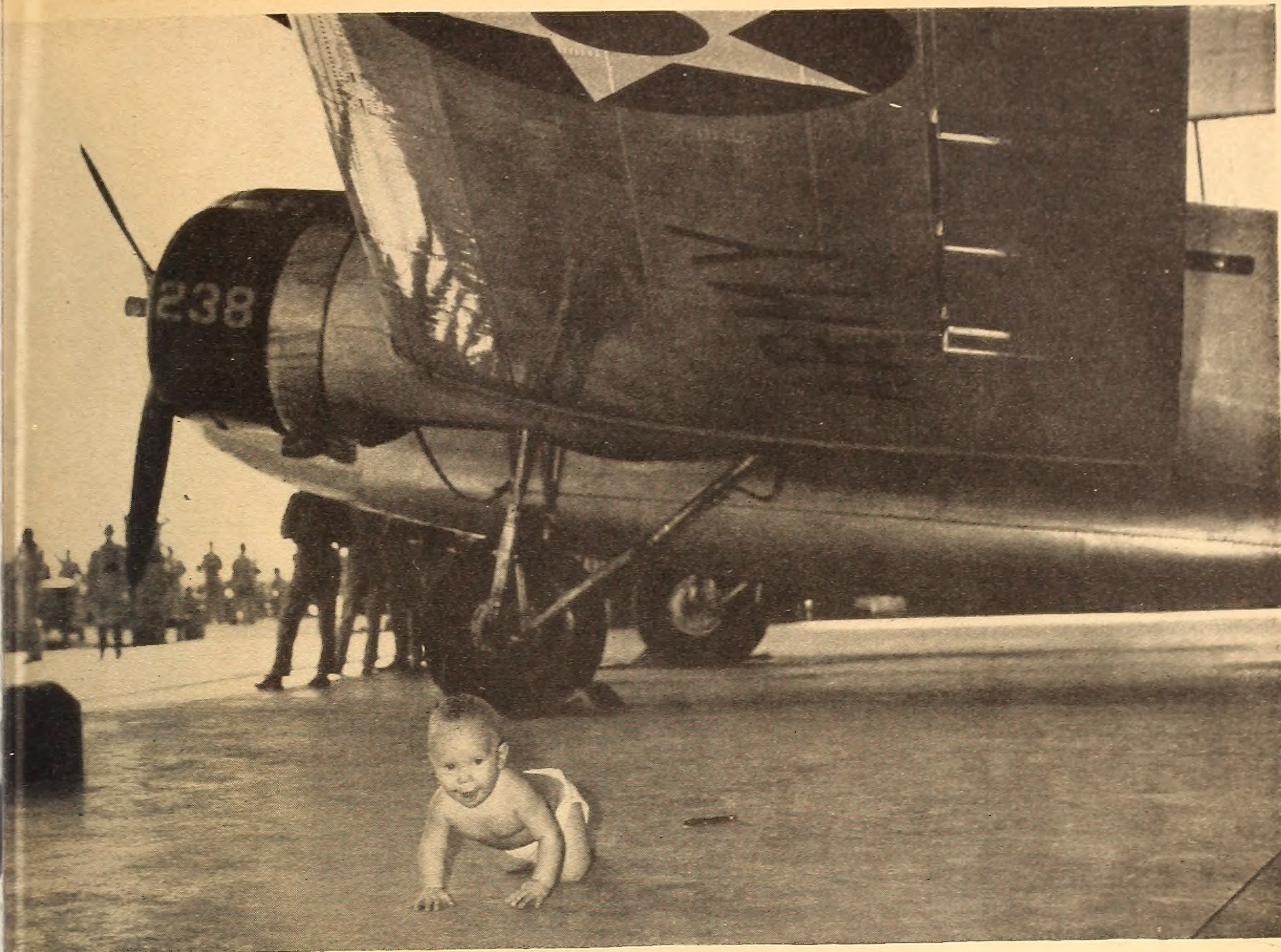
Listerine Antiseptic, because it is liquid, spreads far and quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odor that fermentation causes. If you want to put your best foot forward, never, never omit the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** for oral hygiene





## "KEEP 'EM FLYING, MOMMY!"

Yes, Mommy—YOU!

I look to you, Mommy, 'cause you're the little woman who finds the money, somehow, even when there isn't an awful lot, to give me and Pop the best of food, and things.

So keep those protective wings over me, Mommy. I know you'll keep on working a little

more of your budget magic, every week, somehow, won't you? And buy a Stamp here and a Stamp there, till we've bought a War Savings Bond—and then another War Savings Bond—to buy a bomber.

Babies and their Mommies in conquered lands say I ought to tell you, Mommy—"keep 'em flying"!

### How to buy a share in Victory

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He

will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

**How can you chip in?**

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for \$18.75. It is worth \$25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

**INSTALLMENT payments?**

Yes! If you can't spare \$18.75

today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

**What IS a BOND?**

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

**Can you CASH a Bond?**

Yes, any time 60 days after

you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

**WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?**

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

**WHEN?**

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?



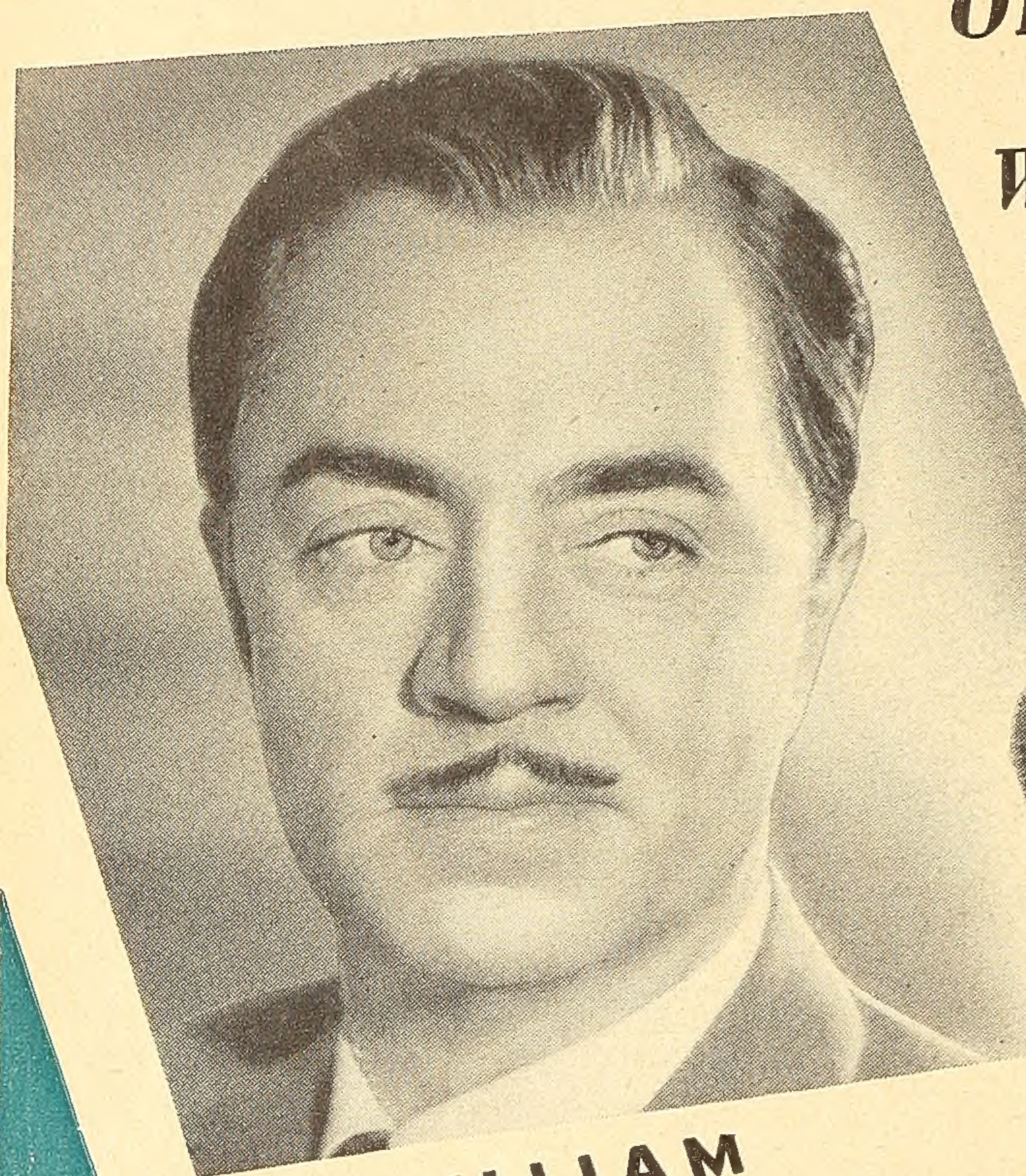
**\*Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!**

*This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.*



DOES THIS MAN BEAR THE MARK  
OF MURDER?

WHY IS HE KNOWN AS  
"THE MAN WHO  
LIVED TWICE?"



WILLIAM  
**POWELL**  
in his first  
dramatic role  
in years



HEDY  
**LAMARR**  
fascinating beauty who  
fights the shadows that  
haunt their love!



# CROSSROADS

"where women wait to seal your fate"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with  
**CLAUDE RAINS** • **BASIL RATHBONE** • **MARGARET WYCHERLY**  
Screen Play by Guy Trosper  
Original Story by John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers  
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by EDWIN KNOPE  
Featuring the new Dietz-Schwartz song hit: "Til You Return"





The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

ERION MARTONE,

Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL,

Art Director



August, 1942

Vol. XLV, No. 4

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Cover Portrait of BETTY GRABLE

G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer  
Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial Offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York  
City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 427 W. Fifth St.,  
Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful  
attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.50 in the United States,  
dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.50. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in  
advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30,  
1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
**LION'S ROAR**

Published in  
this space  
every month



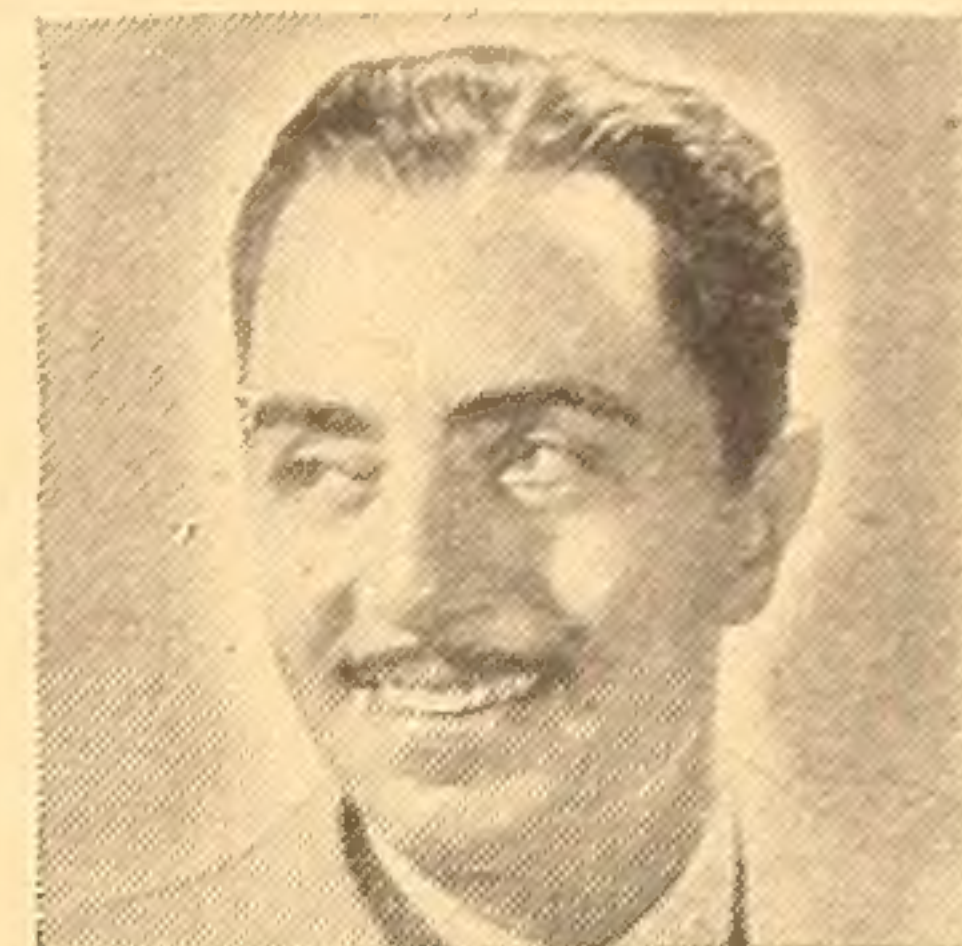
The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

The theatre is now the junction of the  
Crossroads to Pleasure and Duty.

For, with bonds and stamps on sale in  
all lobbies, you can buy your two tick-  
ets—one to Joy, one to Victory.

The word "crossroads" throws us into  
a paragraph or two about Jack Conway.  
"Crossroads" is this sure-fire director's  
latest film.

It  
stars  
WILLIAM  
POWELL



and  
HEDY  
LAMARR—  
no less.



But more about them anon.

Meanwhile  
back to  
JACK  
CONWAY



Possessing the charm of a music-box  
and the gallantry of a Walter Raleigh,  
our hero Conway has worked side by  
side with this leonine columnist for  
many years.

He has been an M-G-M standby, hav-  
ing directed "Honky Tonk", "Boom  
Town", "A Yank at Oxford", "Viva  
Villa" and a whole card-index of hits.

"Crossroads" is his latest. And his most  
different. But it is the same in one sense.  
It is a hit.

William Powell gives a dramatic per-  
formance that provides a complete  
change of pace from his equally brilliant  
comedy-ness. It is something to see.

And Hedy Lamarr is something to see,  
too. We don't know about you, but  
Hedy gets us. And if she doesn't get  
you, there are a lot more like us than  
like you.

"Crossroads" is ably abetted by Claire  
Trevor, Basil Rathbone and Margaret  
Wycherly. John Kafka and Howard  
Emmett Rogers wrote the original  
story; Guy Trosper, the screen play.  
Edwin Knopf produced.

An incident to the  
drama is a song by  
Howard Dietz and  
Arthur Schwartz, en-  
titled "Til You Re-  
turn". It's hum but  
not drum.

—Leo







LUXURIOUS SECURITY FOR  
*Fresh Summer  
Loveliness*

—WITH A FINER BODY TALCUM  
OF FACE POWDER QUALITY!

**YOUR BATH** has relaxed you, lulled you. Staleness has been whisked away. Your whole body is fresh... lovely.

**NOW**—make sure of summer loveliness! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Compare it with other talcums... note Cashmere Bouquet's lack of grit, its silkier feel, its exquisite face-powder softness. See how it dries moisture; then magically disappears, leaving a satiny film to protect you against chafing.

**AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX...** Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts to you the fragrance men love... lingers, so body odor won't brand you as the "lady who forgot."

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.



**Cashmere Bouquet  
Talcum Powder**

A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—  
the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

**HOT** FROM  
**HOLLYWOOD**



The water-sprite is Betty Field, star of "The Road to Morocco" and Mrs. Cugat." Bob Hope and Bing Crosby above, in scene from "The Road to Morocco" (left), Barbara Jo Allen and Hugh Herbert in a "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" scene.

**ANOTHER** Hollywood war widow is Marsha Hunt. Things were just working out so beautifully for her too. Formerly Marsha struggled with family responsibilities. At the same time she was trying to grow up and become a good actress. Her marriage to Jerry Hopper, handsome head of the Paramount cutting department, was the turning point in her career. M-G-M considers her one of their finest. Recently they bought a beautiful home in the San Fernando valley hills. But now further happiness must wait until Jerry comes marching home again. He'll be stationed in the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, along with Bill Holden.

**PAT DANE** is at it again. This time the director was tearing his hair because she suddenly developed a strange kind of way of speaking her lines. Pinned down, Pat said: "I'm trying to talk slow like Van Heflin!"

**"JOHNNY Got His Gun"** made a great impression on Bill Holden when he read it. When he arrived at Fort Monmouth, he sent a quick letter back to his wife, Brenda Marshall. "Johnny got his gun all right," wrote Bill. "Also a hair and a Corporal rating." But the thing that makes Bill most proud—is the way he does his own laundry! He signs himself, "tickey, no washee Holden."

**BY THE** time you read this, George Brown will be a sworn-in member of the United States Army. For the past year George has studied night and day. So his commission is well deserved. Maybe you think Ann Sheridan isn't glad now that she bought that ranch just prior to her marriage to George. They've never lived on it but Ann will in the future. She is very much in love with George. The ranch will help to keep her from getting too lonely.



**"TAKE A  
LETTER.  
DARLING"**

says  
**ROSALIND RUSSELL**

**"IT'S NIGHT  
WORK...  
AND I'VE  
GOT IT!"**

says  
**FRED MacMURRAY**

**ROSALIND (Boss)  
RUSSELL (Hired) FRED (Secretary)  
MACMURRAY**

**"TAKE  
A LETTER.  
Darling"**

A Paramount Picture with  
**MACDONALD CAREY · ROBERT BENCHLEY · CONSTANCE MOORE**

**HOW THAT  
MACMURRAY  
PUTS HIS  
HEART INTO  
HIS WORK!**

A MITCHELL  
**LEISEN**  
PRODUCTION

**CECIL KELLAWAY • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screen Play by Claude Binyon**

**ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING**

SCREENLAND





**A DAB A DAY**

**KEEPS P.O.\* AWAY**

New cream positively stops  
\*underarm Perspiration Odor  
as proved in amazing

### HOT CLIMATE TEST

1. Not stiff, not messy—Yodora spreads just like vanishing cream! Dab it on—odor gone!
2. Actually soothing—Yodora can be used right after shaving.
3. Won't rot delicate fabrics.
4. Keeps soft! Yodora does not dry in jar. No waste; goes far.

Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this *daintier* deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora! In tubes or jars—10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.



**YODORA**  
DEODORANT CREAM

### SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Publishers need new songs!  
Send poem for immediate consideration.  
FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS

605 Beacon Bldg.

BOSTON, MASS.

### Earn Money Easily

#### SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Show the complete Christmas Card Line. Large selection of Personal Name-Imprinted Folders—6 appealing series. Amazing values sell 150 for \$1 up.

#### 10 EXCLUSIVE BOX ASSORTMENTS

Make additional profits with "James Art Box" 21 Christmas Folders—all new, original. Sells for \$1.00. Can be imprinted. Other money-making Assortments: Gift Wraps, Religious, Everyday others. Deluxe Personal Christmas Cards. Tell us which lines interest you. Write today sure.

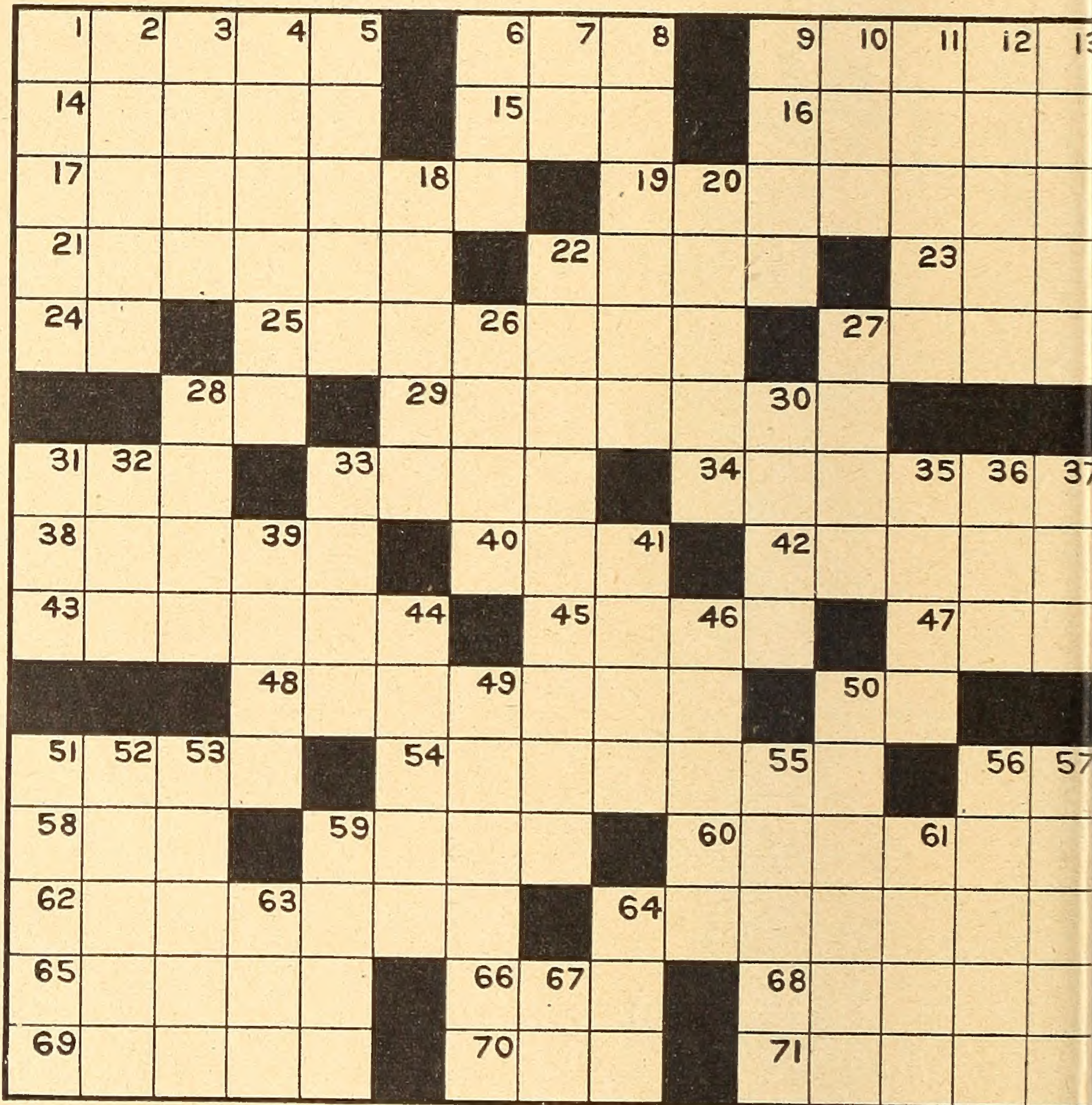
JANES ART STUDIOS, 1225 Clifford, Dept. 118, Rochester, N.Y.

**50 FOR \$1**  
WITH NAME

**SAMPLES**  
on Approval

# SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



#### ACROSS

1. Co-star, "This Woman Is Mine"
6. Kind of cap, with tassel
9. Skating star, "Iceland"
14. Plea of being elsewhere
15. Fuss
16. Amid
17. The former Ellery Queen
19. Washing
21. She's featured in "Wildcat"
22. Co-star, "Holiday Inn"
23. Observe
24. Jimmy Stewart's commission in the Air Corps
25. One of the "Babes On Broadway"
27. Group (of animals)
28. Compass point (abbrev.)
29. Co-star, "Fingers at the Window"
31. Golf term
33. One who inherits something
34. Large arteries
38. Her new one is "Lady in a Jam"
40. A color changer
42. Co-star, "We Were Dancing"
43. Movie equipment
45. Table-land (as seen in Western films)
47. Lubricant
48. Bob Hope's "Favorite Blonde"
50. Nearby
51. Chore
54. Bits of food
56. College degree
58. Narrow inlet
59. Choice seat at the movies
60. Like paper
62. Dancing star, "Holiday Inn"
64. Dresser

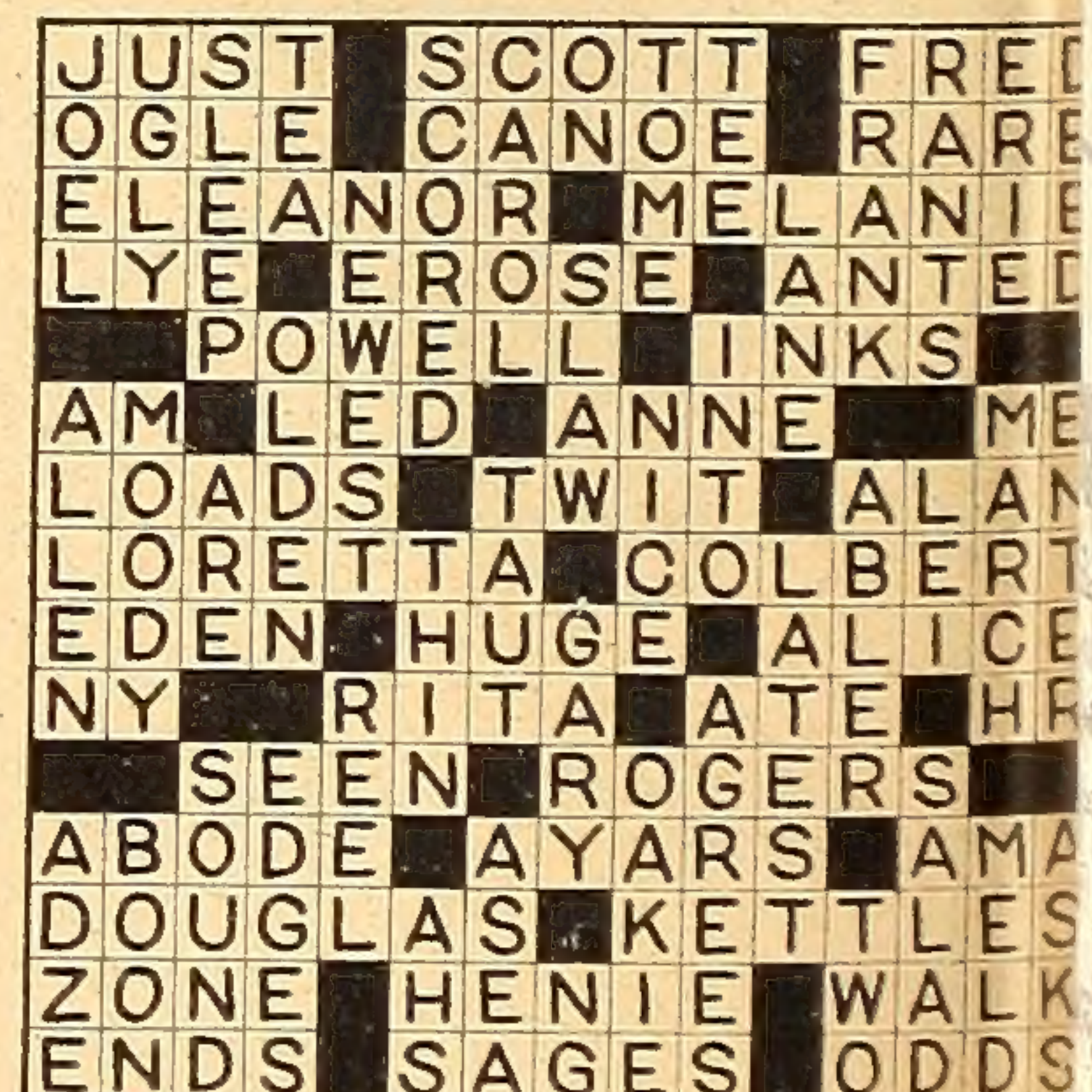
65. Co-star, "Honky-Tonk"
66. Flee
68. Old woman
69. Taut, strained
70. "My favorite - - - (Kay Kyser)"
71. Commands (rare)

#### DOWN

1. Secret plot
2. On the watch
3. Small stream
4. To do a favor
5. Tropical vine
6. Her new film is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
7. Man's nickname
8. Dancing star, "Louisiana Purchase"
9. To dangle
10. Printers' measures
11. Din
12. Inside
13. Prodded
18. Star of "Lydia"
20. A nation
22. Famous stage and screen family
26. Put down
27. Leading man
28. Appear
30. Girl's name
31. Muscular spasm
32. Period of time
33. Greek goddess
35. Horse's gait
36. Friend of Charles Boyer's
37. "My Gal - - -" (Rita Hayworth)
39. Part of the body
41. Slippery fish
44. Protective covering

46. "George Washington - - - Here" (Jack Benny)
49. *Roxie Hart*
50. To be ambitious
51. Large stretch of land
52. Passageway to your movie screen
53. A bad man!
55. Catch on a door
56. He married Ann Sheridan
57. Our famous conscientious objector
59. Similar
61. God of love
63. European measures of area
64. Some
67. Upward

#### Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





# HARRY COOPER <sup>AS</sup> "SERGEANT YORK"

*As Long as there  
are Men Like  
Him there Will  
Always be a Free  
America!*

*A Story for Mothers  
A Story for Sweethearts  
A Story for the U.S. A.*

WARNER BROS. SUPREME SUCCESS

with WALTER BRENNAN

JOAN LESLIE

HOWARD HAWKS PROD'N

GEORGE TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES

Original Screen Play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandlee  
and Howard Koch & John Huston • Music by Max Steiner

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

BUY BONDS! ☆ BUY STAMPS! ☆ AT YOUR THEATRE!

You can't afford to miss it...  
you *can* afford to see it now!

## FOR THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES

Returned by Demand after One Whole Year of Acclaim!



**SLACKS!**  
**SLACKS!**  
**SLACKS!**

**These modern girls**  
as never before  
**need TAMPAX**

**NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR**

**SLACKS** at the war plant, slacks at home, slacks indoors and out. A streamlined age calls for streamlined costumes—and a logical part of this streamlining is *Tampax*, sanitary protection worn internally. Being worn in this way, it cannot cause any bulk or bulge whatever. It simply *cannot*! Furthermore, you can wear Tampax undetected under a modern swim suit—on the beach, under a shower or while actually swimming.

Tampax is quick, dainty and modern. Perfected by a doctor. Worn by many nurses. Requires no belts, pins or sanitary deodorant. Causes no chafing, no odor. Easy disposal. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, and it comes to you in neat applicators, so that your hands need never touch the Tampax!

Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (Super gives about 50% additional absorbency.) At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain Economy Package lasts 4 months average. Don't wait. Buy Tampax now! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by  
the Journal of the American  
Medical Association



# Tagging the Talkies



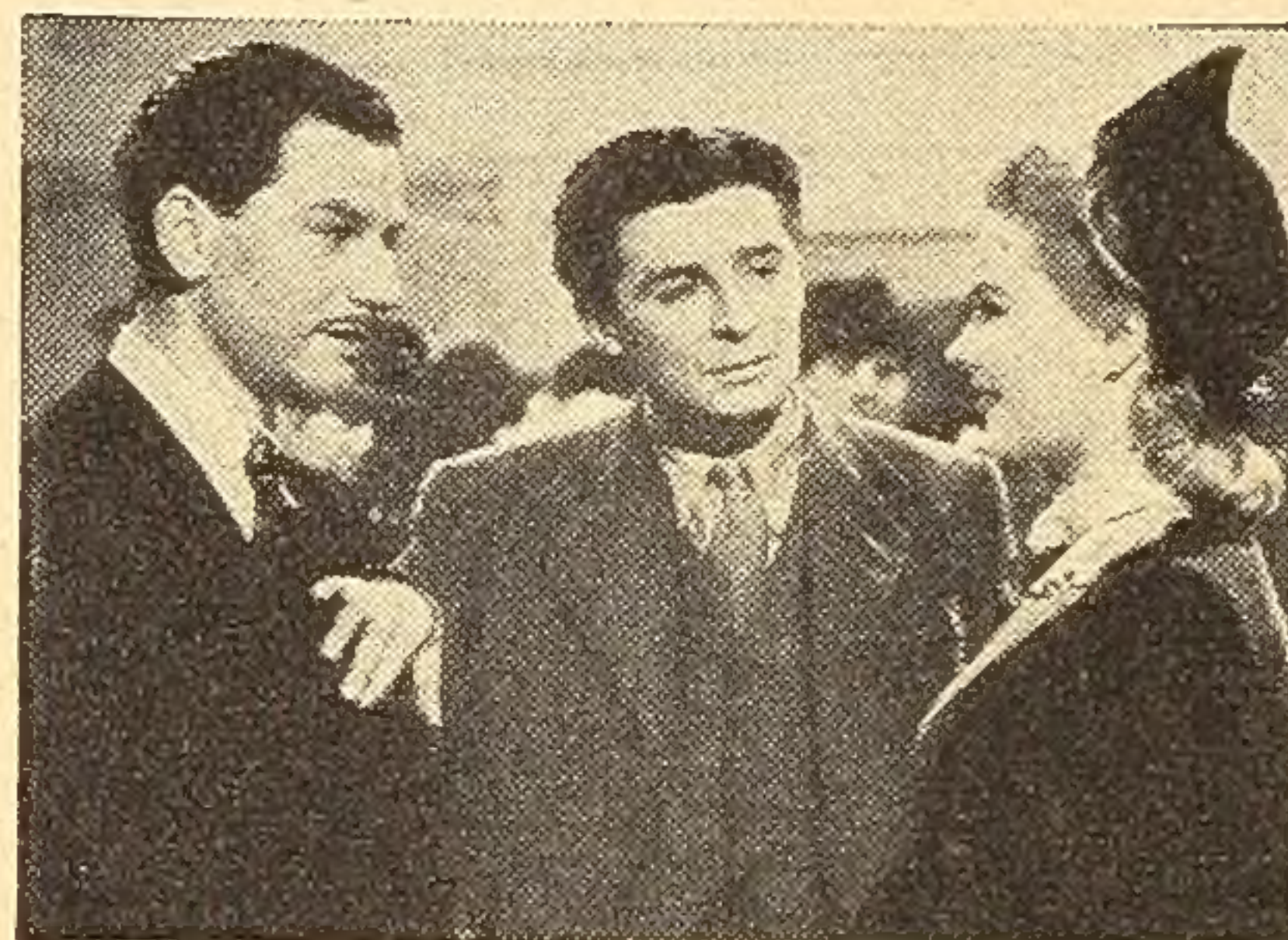
## I Married an Angel—M-G-M

Everyone will like this gay musical fantasy (particularly MacDonald-Eddy fan) about a Budapest playboy who is heart whole and fancy-free until he dreams he marries an angel. In reality, she's a plain girl who was ridiculed for wearing an angel costume at his party. He awakes and marries his "dream girl." Jeanette MacDonald, lovely in ethereal garb, and Eddy, who's okay as a playboy, render lilting Roger Hart tunes. Gorgeous costumes and set



## Broadway—Universal

This melodrama of the "roaring '20's" follows the life of George Raft. The plot unfolds as George, playing himself, visits the site where he got his start, and tells about the old days and the Broadway hoofer who got mixed up with racketeers. Raft and Pat O'Brien (a detective) give hit performances. Janet Blair, talented newcomer, excellent as the dancing partner. Has old favorite tunes, well-done dance numbers, a tango by Raft and Janet.



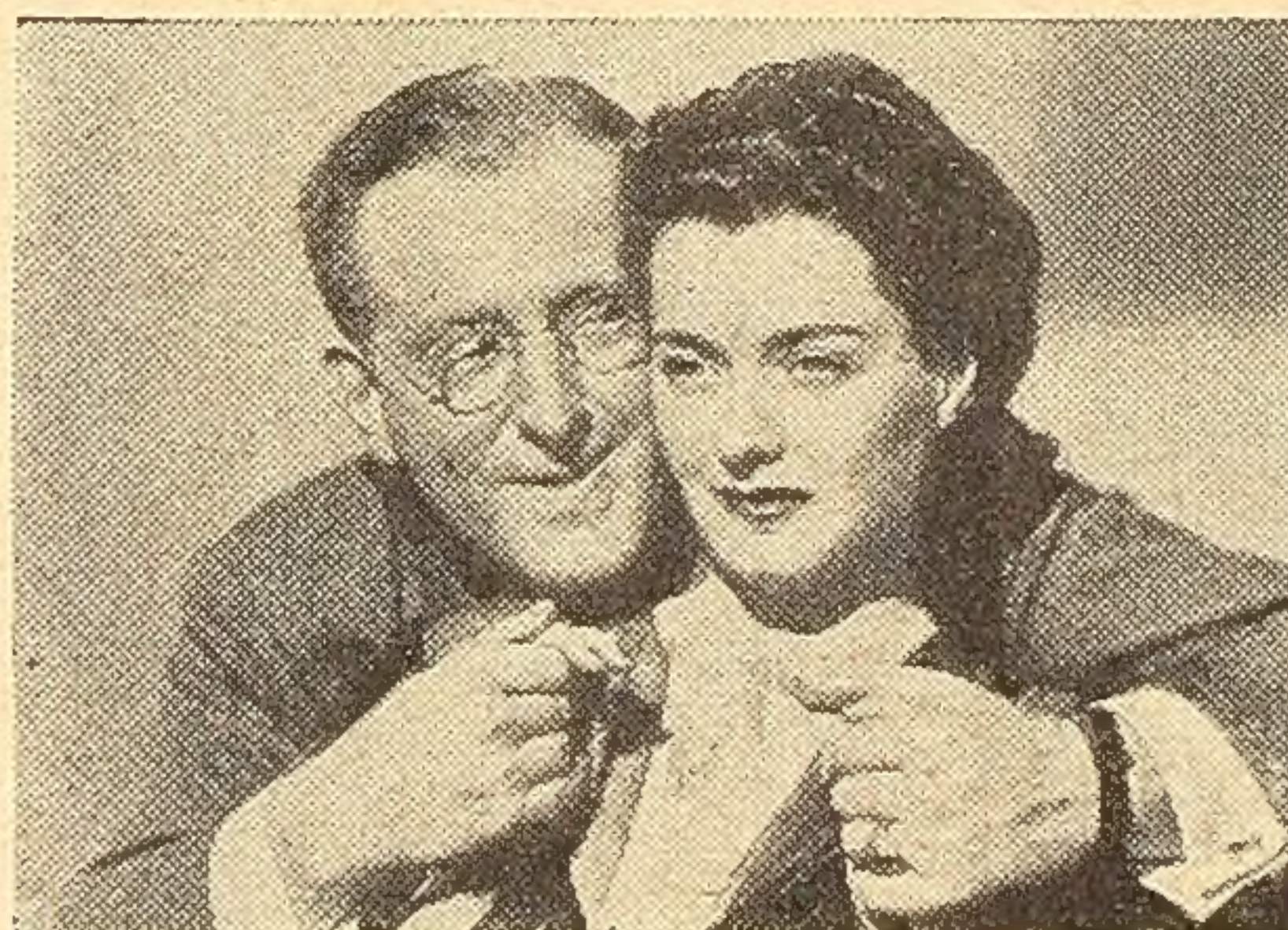
## Suicide Squadron—Republic

Here's the story of a concert pianist, member of the Polish air force, who is sent on a concert tour for Polish relief, and who marries an American girl. They part when she tries to keep him from re-joining a suicide squadron, feeling he can do more for his country with his music than with bombs. They're reunited when he crashes. Anton Walbrook, magnificent as the pianist-flyer; Sally Gray, good too. Air scenes, thrilling; fine musical score.



## Maisie Gets Her Man—M-G-M

Red Skelton is *Maisie's* man in the latest of this popular series. When her knife-thrower goes berserk and her act is dissolved, *Maisie* (Ann Sothorn) teams up with *Hap* (Red), amateur vaudevillian who gets stage-fright on opening night. This scene alone is worth your time and money, though the rest is corny comedy. They part when Red is jailed, but meet again when Ann entertains at a camp where *Hap* (he's in the Army now) is stationed.



## My Favorite Spy—RKO

A spy comedy with Kay Kyser playing a not-too-bright band-leader who is called to Army service on his wedding day, later released, and made a counter espionage agent. His efforts become amusingly complicated when he can't explain his doings to his un-kissed bride. Sure, Kay bags the spies. Ellen Drew, the bride, and Jane Wyman, his blonde secret operator-partner, good, but we missed Ginny Simms and didn't get enough of Kay's band. It's *not* our favorite Kyser film.



## Tagging the Talkies



**Stardust on the Sage—Republic**

There's more singin' than shootin' in this Autry outdoor film, but that only makes it more entertaining because some ever-popular numbers are sung in it. And, because of this, the picture will appeal to fans who like music, but who wouldn't ordinarily care to see a Western opera. The plot (though not much) concerns itself with Gene's efforts to safeguard the ranchers' investments. You'll get a chance to sing *Deep In the Heart of Texas* with Gene.



**Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost—RKO**

If you've seen any of the earlier "Spitfire" films, you know what to expect, but if this is your first, go prepared to witness a first-class display of insanity. But it's funny—if you like that kind of fun. Leon Errol, versatile comic that he is, again portrays *Lord Epping*, *Uncle Matt*, and *Hubbell*—all three! You'll get confused, but plenty. Fiery Lupe Velez is again seen as *Carmelita*, married to *Epping's* partner, Charles Buddy Rogers.



**Pacific Rendezvous—M-G-M**

You could do without seeing this film if it weren't for the fact that it is of a timely nature and has interesting scenes showing our Navy Department's methods of deciphering intercepted enemy messages. Lee Bowman is good as the dashing, romantic Lieutenant who craves action but, being a code expert, finds himself behind a desk in a Washington office. There's some silly comedy between Lee and Jean Rogers which is carried too far.

## Picture of a Wallflower in the Making!



### Men seldom dance twice with the girl who forgets that Mum guards charm!

**L**OVELY Amy and dashing Bob dance charmingly together. But when this waltz is over, who will blame him if he doesn't ask for an encore?

Prettiness and grace, a sparkling personality, *help* to make a girl popular. But they can't hold a man when underarms need Mum.

Amy would be horrified if you told her her fault. Didn't she bathe just this evening? But that refreshing bath only took away *past* perspiration...it can't prevent risk of future underarm odor. The more fun, the more exciting an eve-

ning is...the more a girl needs Mum.

Mum safeguards your charm—keeps previous daintiness from fading. Mum prevents underarm odor for a whole day or evening! Make Mum a *daily* habit.

**FOR INSTANT SPEED**—Only thirty seconds to smooth on creamy, fragrant Mum.

**FOR PEACE OF MIND**—Mum won't hurt fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Mum won't irritate sensitive skin.

**FOR LASTING CHARM**—Mum keeps you safe from underarm odor, keeps you bath-sweet—helps you stay popular!

### SAFEGUARD YOUR CHARM. MAKE MUM A DAILY RULE!



**TO HERSELF:**  
JACK CAN'T SEE ENOUGH OF ME THESE DAYS. SINCE I LEARNED THAT MUM GUARDS CHARM!



#### For Sanitary Napkins

Gentle, safe Mum is first choice with thousands of women for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too!



# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**





### Glorify Your Hair with Halo Shampoo. It Leaves No Soap-Film!

**W**HY rob your hair of its natural luster, dim its radiant color . . . by soaping it? Scientific tests prove that all soaps, even the finest, leave dulling soap-film on hair.

The glorious difference Halo makes in your hair is easy to understand. Halo contains no soap, leaves no soap-film. Made with a patented new-type ingredient, it lathers gloriously even in hardest water. With Halo, you don't even need a lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo's rich, cleansing lather rinses away completely!

And loose dandruff? Your first Halo shampoo will remove it! So today, begin to do justice to your hair. Let Halo reveal gleaming highlights, true color. See, too, how easily your hair sets or curls.

Get Halo at any toilet goods counter. Generous 10¢ and larger sizes.

A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



**REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR**

### TAKE THIS PROVEN SHORTCUT TO SUCCESSFUL PHOTOGRAPHY



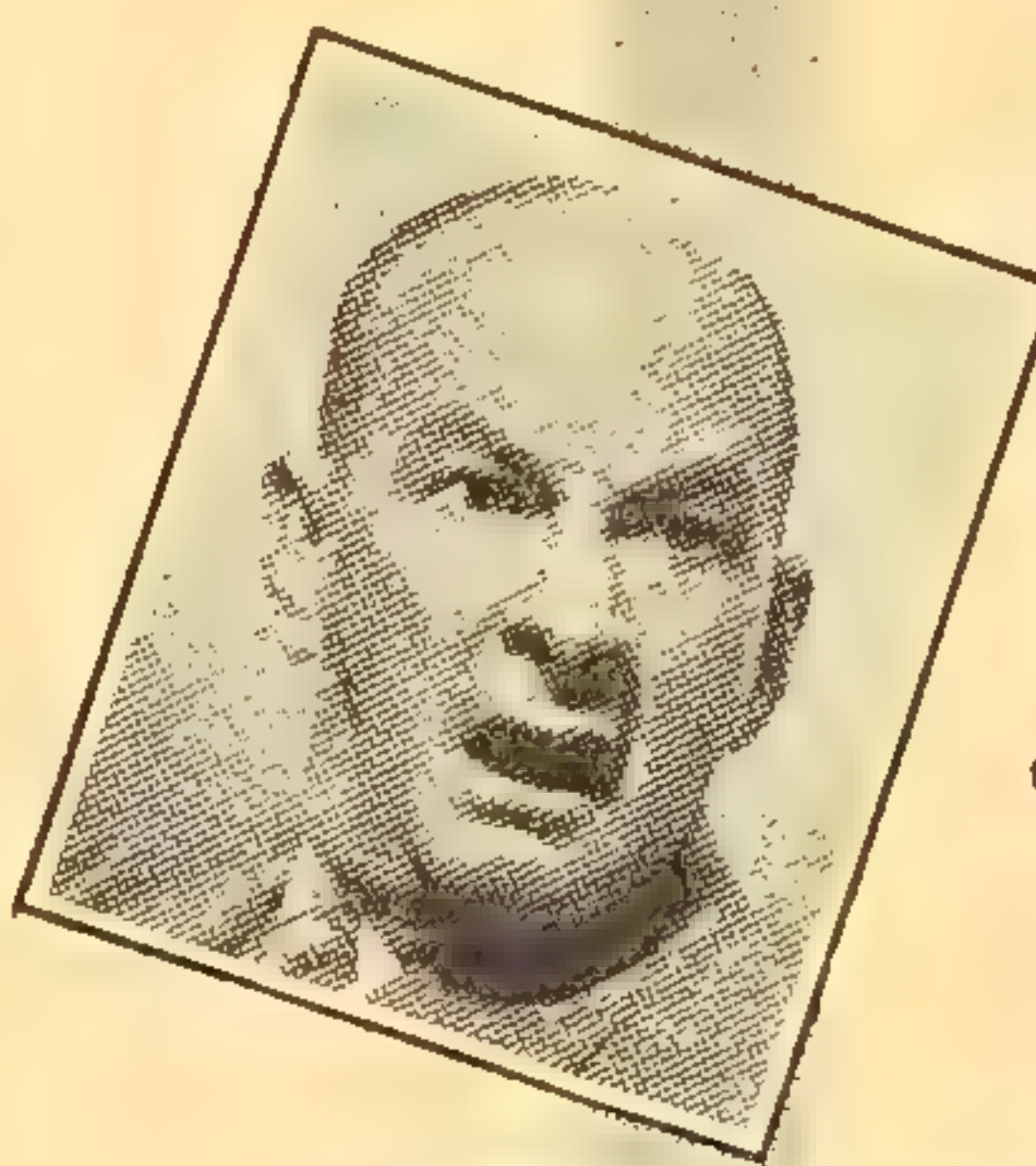
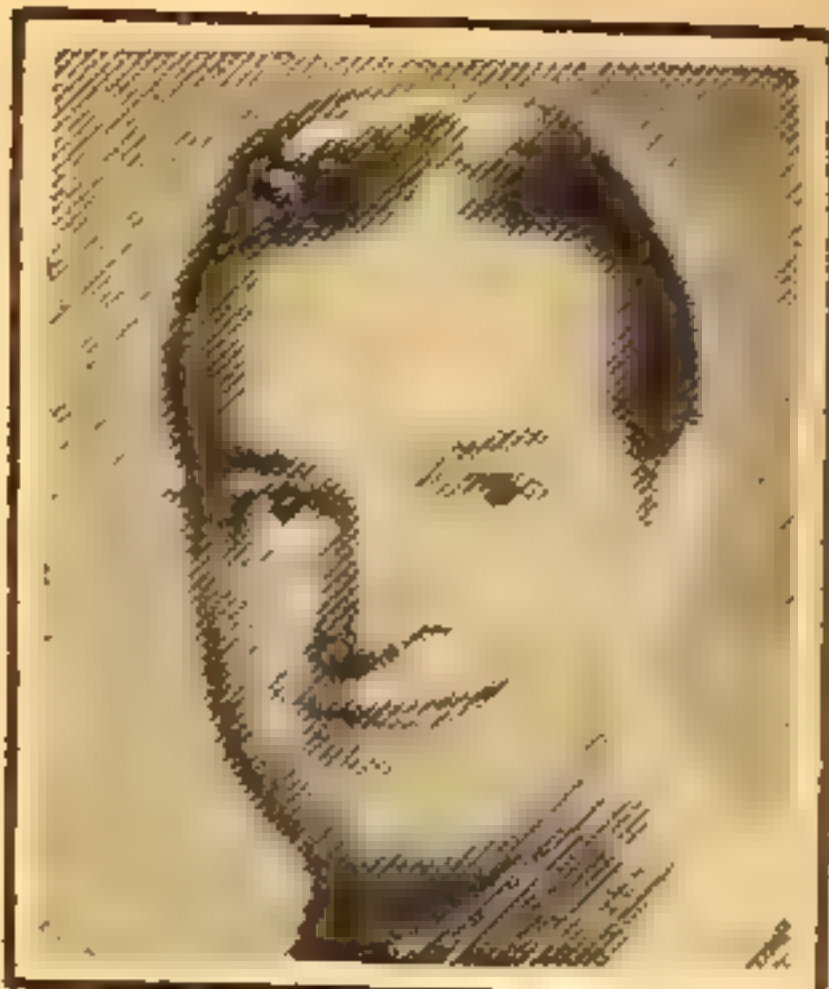
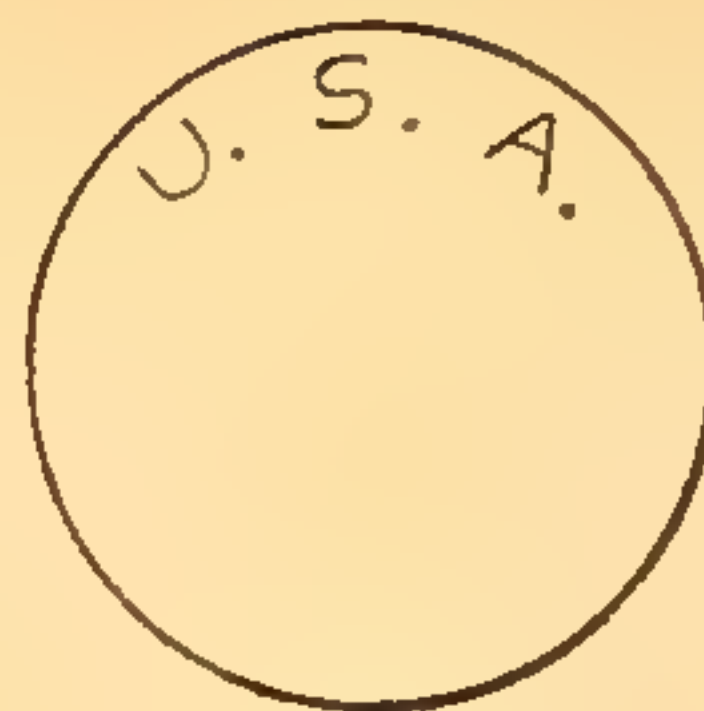
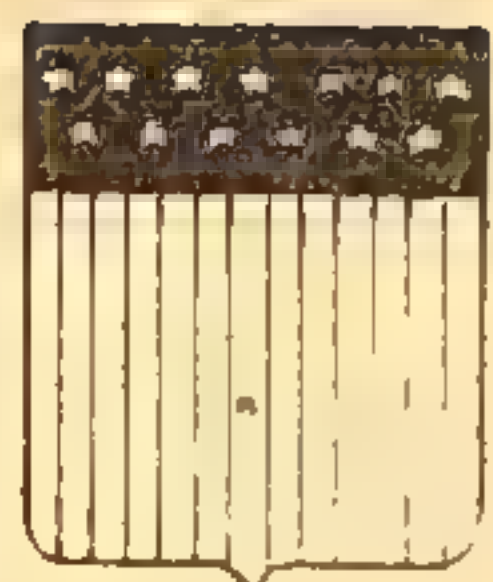
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**Lechler's VELVATIZE**

House of Lechler, Dept. 158, 560 Broadway, New York City



## Fans' Forum



### FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

This man Hope! Egad, how I worship him! You see, I have always wanted to be a screen and radio comedian. In high school and business college I was the jester. I loved it! I got a great kick out of making people laugh. Since then I've become more serious-minded, but still have that desire.

I saw Hope here in Long Beach last week. His style, strut, wit, his way of taking advantage of opportune moments are really rare. Even when his half hour was up, he showered us with a soft-shoe dance and outbursts of wit that astounded us all. He seems to love to "give out"—especially for the service men. I used to always say (after a good joke), "What's Bob Hope got that I haven't got?" Now, I know!

PVT. "BUD" PROCTOR, Long Beach, Calif.

### SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

They tell us that we'll not be able to get any more tires for our cars when our present tires wear out. Gasoline is being rationed. Sugar, too. No doubt, there'll be many other things that'll be limited before this war is won.

But we can take it. We're willing to give up anything we have, or ever will have, just so we can keep our most prized possession, Freedom. We could never endure slavery.

Since the use of our cars is largely out, more and more of us will seek relaxation and forgetfulness at the movies. They will form our chief source of recreation for the duration. What a chance movie producers now have to serve their nation in a vital way—keeping it entertained, amused and sane. Yes, and healthy, too, because health is largely a matter of the mind, and if a mind is kept occupied with enough interesting entertainment to keep it relaxed, there is little fear of unhealthy conditions or bodies.

The movies need more amusing comedies. They don't have nearly as many of them as we need now—and need is the right word, too. Where are all the so-called movie comedians? There seems to be a terrible dearth of them. Barring W. C. Fields and Leon Errol, the crop is woe-fully short. And we don't see these masters of comedy as often as we should see them, either. A series of short comedies with

### WE CAN TAKE IT

"We can take it and we're willing to give up our tires, gasoline, sugar, anything—to keep our most prized possession, Freedom," says Mr. Bennett of Grove City, Ohio. You bet we can and we'll gladly give up all those things and more, too, if necessary, because we like our present way of living. And, by the way, you SCREENLAND readers can enjoy Freedom of the Press by writing a letter to this department, where you can call a spade a spade. Tell us what you *really* think of the movies and the stars and win War Savings Stamps to help you buy more Bonds to insure the Freedom we all love so much. Write now! First prize, \$10.00; second prize, \$5.00; and five prizes of \$1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

them, and others, too, would be welcomed with opened arms by millions of fans just now.

We're due for many startling things within the next year or two, many of which will, no doubt, leave their marks on us and the movies can help us tremendously in making them light and erasable, after this conflict is over. We think the movies will do this job. Producers have proven that they do not muff many chances in giving the movie public what it wants and needs.

E. JAY BENNETT, Grove City, Ohio

### FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 EACH

Jean Gabin is no "beautiful hunk of man," but he has a strong, interesting personality and he can act. In suitable rôles he ought to be big box office. But to say that he will take Charles Boyer's place—even to compare this rugged individual



with the suave Mr. Boyer—is idiotic. The only thing that they have in common is their French accent.

So please, Hollywood, don't try to make "second Boyer" out of Jean. It can't be done. Incidentally, I hope that Jean continues to get rough he-man parts; they suit him perfectly. Why not cast him as a "Free Frenchman" who works against the Nazis in every way he can? Or as a French patriot in Nazi-occupied France? (Opposite Simone Simon.)

RUTH KING, Cranford, N. J.

When you see one terrible imitation of some star's hairdo it is startling enough, but when you see two or three straggly haired kids appear together aping Veronica Lake, with only one eye showing, it is enough to bring on a good laugh.

That's what happens when celebs are taken too seriously. We can all admire the stars and attempt to copy them, but when the thing doesn't come off quite so good and creates sorrow, that's the penalty!

The stars have unusual personalities and their hair styles can become news, they have glamor supplied by settings, gorgeous wardrobes and a background built by the press. That makes a lot of difference. It really pays in the end to "Be Yourself."

Sincere good wishes to a grand magazine and to those who work so hard to give us the best.

LUCILE CARLSON BRADY,  
Detroit Lakes, Minn.

My only daughter is fifteen, the so-called "difficult" age when a girl is neither a child nor a woman. When I was my daughter's age, twenty-five years ago, most girls of that age were awkward, shy and as ungainly as young colts. No one expected them to be otherwise, it seemed.

Today, the situation is entirely different. My daughter, to a great extent, has been spared my awkward experience. She is poised and sure of herself even under situations that would have floored me. She sees to it that she is always fresh and well-groomed. Her clothes are attractive and she knows how to wear them too—not as a grown woman, but as a budding, attractive, teen-age girl.

And why has such a change come about between the girls of the teens of yesterday and the girls of the teens of today? The movies have brought this remarkable change, of course. My young daughter is growing up under the schooling of the finest groomed of all women, the screen players, such as Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland and many more. She has acquired most of her dress knowledge from them as well as her pleasing poise and excellent behavior.

So I say, an orchid to the movies for the fine lessons they have taught my daughter. Her clean, attractive appearance and delightfully easy manner prove they have been lessons that were good.

MRS. CHARLES E. MURPHEY,  
Zanesville, Ohio

#### CALLING ALL STARS:

You stars are doing your best in your efforts to sell War Savings Bonds and Stamps, I know. I also know you don't have much time, but please don't forget that there are a lot of little towns that are anxious to do their share, too. With a little co-operation on your part, in the way of personal appearances in our small towns, it will make us feel as if we, too, are important and it will encourage us to buy, Buy, BUY more Bonds!

Remember, there are many little towns and, when the bond sales for these small towns are combined, you'll find that they add up to a pretty large sum.

It makes the public mad not to be noticed. I know. I live in a small town.

(Please turn to page 15)

## The Handy Twins lead the parade with proof that **PEPSODENT POWDER** makes teeth **TWICE AS BRIGHT**

HI! I'M CHARLENE:

...AND PEPSODENT  
MADE IT EASY TO  
KNOW I'M SHIRLEY!



"YOU MAY HAVE SEEN US...performing as drum majorettes...at the Chicago Bears' football games...or other places. You know we really do look a lot alike. When we made the tooth powder test, Mother suggested that Shirley be the one to use Pepsodent. I chose another leading brand."



"IT SURE TURNED OUT to be a swell suggestion...for Shirley! While her teeth had never been quite as bright as mine, after she used Pepsodent her teeth became easily *twice as bright!* Mother was so impressed she immediately switched to Pepsodent and could hardly wait 'til I did."

"Two Cheers!  
Pepsodent  
leads the  
parade  
with us!"

**HANDY TWINS TEST AND  
CONFIRM THIS FACT:**  
INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS  
FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT  
COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE  
PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL  
TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE  
**TWICE AS BRIGHT** AS THE AVERAGE  
OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile...  
use Pepsodent twice a day...  
see your dentist twice a year!





# Screenland Honor Page



Which is he? One of the finest actors to hit Hollywood in years, or just a fascinating new personality? Whichever he is, Gig Young commands your undivided attention in "The Gay Sisters"

In his rôle of impetuous artist who loves one of the "Gay Sisters" sincerely and another passionately, Gig Young steals this Warner show. Above, one of the torrid love scenes he stages with Geraldine Fitzgerald, "bad" sister.

**H**OLLYWOOD pre-view audiences at the try-out of a new film, "The Gay Sisters," picked him as a future star! They couldn't believe this forceful fellow was just another actor; they identified him with Gig Young, the engaging character he portrayed, and acclaimed him so vociferously that Warners changed his actual name of Byron Barr to —Gig Young. Watch for him in bigger rôles in future films—for either he is a real actor of imagination and power, or his screen personality is so arresting that you won't care whether he is "acting" or not, you'll like him anyway! He's that good.





Continued from page 13

So, you stars working for Victory, instead of showing off all the time for the big cities, come and show off a little bit for us!

MARJORIE SHIFFER (Age 14),  
West Pittston, Pa.

I protest! Not long ago I read somewhere that Melvyn Douglas is the perfect leading man, particularly for "aging" actresses. No names were mentioned, but I suspect Norma Shearer is among those painted at. Just tonight I lived, breathed and danced with Norma and Melvyn through "We Were Dancing" and had a good time. What younger actress could put such depth of feeling, such true warmth and sophistication into a rôle as the wonderful Shearer, I ask you? What do Grable, Darnell, Turner, Tierney, etc., really know about acting? Nice to look at yes, but Shearer is beautiful too and so chic! Not that I blame the younger actresses, but Shearer has LIVED. She has known love, tears, death, motherhood, travel, hardship, and these experiences should count for something. In any business your years of experience make you more valuable. Why can't Hollywood grow up and, consequently, the film public will mature too? Why can't they realize that, while youth is exciting, yet shallow, we need maturity and depth as a balance wheel? Other countries appreciate ability, and cherish it. So does the theater. Why discard such fine actresses as Shearer, Crawford, Francis, etc.? They still have much to give.

Incidentally, I am not an old woman, being twenty-eight.

HETTYE E. KEICH, Lakewood, Ohio

#### HONORABLE MENTION

Rarely does a picture come out of Hollywood without the usual touches of turkey. I refer to the following corny old stand-bys:

The look of surprised pleasure dawning on the faces of the other actors when it seems as though the hero will emerge victorious, after all (as if they didn't know); horn-rimmed specs that transform glamorpuss into the frump steno; the lovable old character with the accent, a mixture of French, Greek, and West Podunk Falls; the gangster without a nerve in his body; the instant dislike hero and heroine take to each other on meeting, which we, the audience, know will turn to true love in the end; the process of getting an idea—staring into space blankly, jumping, smiling, snapping fingers; the inevitable double-takes; the loose slats, concealed boards, that fall at the exact moment when comedy relief goes through that doorway.

Don't you just love the movies?

ISABELL GOUNDRY, Regina, Sask., Can.

These petitions from escapist fans begging Hollywood to ignore the nasty war and dish up syrup instead, arguing that as we get war everywhere else the movies at least might try to make us forget, seem cowardly to me. They are in the same class as the conchies' prattle. If the fighting forces can show such sublime courage as they've displayed lately surely we can "take it," too, in a lesser degree!

Of course, it's disagreeable to be constantly reminded of war; but war, unfortunately, is like the seven-years' itch in that it just can't be ignored—you gotta scratch or go crazy. Besides, the war dramas Hollywood is making are practically all masterpieces and have a powerful educative value for the mass of the people. No indeed, keep 'em going, Hollywood!

M. GEORGIA BAYNE, Vancouver, B. C., Can.

This *GLAMOUR GIRL*  
meets a penniless *LUG*

...and in no time at all  
she's cutting a *RUG!*

JOAN  
**CRAWFORD** ♥ **DOUGLAS**  
MELVYN

THEY ALL KISSED  
*the Bride*

with **ROLAND YOUNG · BILLIE BURKE · ALLEN JENKINS**  
Screen play by F. J. WOLFSON | From a story by Glad Koss and Andrew P. Salt  
Directed by **ALEXANDER HALL** · Produced by **EDWARD KAUFMAN**  
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

★ ★ ★ ★  
Key U. S. War  
Bonds or Stamps  
Today at Your  
Local Theatre!  
★ ★ ★ ★



Betty Lou says:

**DON'T LET A SOILED  
POWDER PUFF GIVE THE  
WRONG IMPRESSION!**



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Always use  
**FRESH, CLEAN  
POWDER PUFFS**  
...they cost so little!

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**EXTRA SOFT—**  
yet they cost no more  
At better stores everywhere.

**Betty Lou**  
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A. Richards,  
Director

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Let me teach you how to GET YOUR MAN? Where to find him? How to make him want YOU? Do you know what 73% of the college men, by actual survey, prefer in their IDEAL GIRL? What 81% DON'T want a girl to do? Here are the answers! and many more! Not a book! but a complete course in 5 lessons, including Lady Diane's "Secrets for Glamour" worth \$5.00 NOW 98¢. Pay postman 98¢ on arrival, plus postage, or enclose \$1.00 with order and I'll send the complete course postpaid! HURRY! I can help YOU!

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P. O. Box 221, Dept. SU Long Beach, California



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## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out  
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



**Have a home picnic! Gas and  
sugar rationing won't interfere  
with your Summer fun  
if you follow Marsha  
Hunt's advice for  
outdoor parties**



By  
**Betty  
Boone**

**R**ATIONING of tires and gas is likely to bring on an era of "hostessing at home" instead of at restaurants or beach clubs. And rationing of sugar is certain to prove a problem for those who like to serve desserts.

Unless, like Marsha Hunt, you know about *Peppermint Stick Ice Cream*, which calls for not so much as a grain from your precious sugar-bowl.

## PEPPERMINT STICK ICE CREAM

(Serves 6)

- 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold milk
- 1 3/4 cups scalded milk (not boiled)
- 1 pint cream
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup or 1/4 lb. peppermint stick candy.

Scald 1 3/4 cups milk. Pour 1/4 cup cold milk in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top

of milk—stir thoroughly. Add to scalded milk, dissolving gelatine thoroughly. Add crushed peppermint candy and salt. When this is dissolved, let cool. Add mixture to the whipped cream. Freeze in tray of mechanical refrigerator and stir every 30 minutes until mixture will hold its shape.

If you weary of iced desserts, there's another grand sugar-less affair known as *Salad Sponge Delight*, not only delicious but decorative.



Marsha enjoys preparations for her home picnic almost as much as the party itself. Pictures show her packing the picnic basket for the spread under a shady tree.

## SALAD SPONGE DELIGHT

(Serves 8)

- 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3/4 cup canned fruit juice
- 1/4 lb. almonds or other nuts
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cream or evaporated milk (whipped)
- 1/2 cup white grapes or strawberries
- 1/4 lb. marshmallows
- 1 cup canned white cherries
- Whites 2 eggs

## SAVE SUGAR!



Send for  
Free Knox Booklet:

**"SUGAR-  
LESS DESSERTS  
AND SALADS"**

Write Mrs. Knox, Johnstown, N.Y.

**RECIPES IN EVERY PACKAGE**

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add hot fruit juice, stir till dissolved. When cold,



p with egg-beater and add chopped s, salt, marshmallows, grapes and cher- cut up. Fold in whipped cream and ly whites of eggs, stiffly beaten. Turn mold that has been rinsed in cold water chill. When firm, unmold and serve h whipped cream salad dressing.

Marsha rings the changes on these des- now that maid's night out is simul- zous with backyard picnics in her yon-in-the-valley home. You see, Thurs- night used to mean Brown Derby, ce Lyman's, or another of Hollywood's orite dinner spots. Now, for those out- city limits it means informal neigh- hood get-togethers. Marsha's neighbors include the Richard lsons and the George Barneses. George one of Hollywood's ace cameramen, and hard and Marsha recently completed nce Upon a Thursday"—apropos of ids and nights off. The young Jerry Hoppers (Marsha is

CUT BUTTER BILLS!

and for Money-saving  
 Recipes Using Delicious  
 Knox Spread—FREE!

Write Mrs. Knox, Johnstown, N.Y.

RECIPES IN EVERY PACKAGE

rs. Hopper) have a beautiful live-oak aded hill behind their canyon home. In ee minutes flat an entire picnic party a cross the lawn from the kitchen, climb e steep path to the hilltop and spread out e food.

"There's something about getting up gh that gives me a detached feeling about e," says Marsha. "Whether I'm in an plane or up on my hilltop, I seem to far enough from everyday to see probl- ns all the way around. Sort of a 'High ove hate I dwell, O storms farewell' eling."

The Hoppers never play games. They ink that's an admission of poverty of nversation. Besides, their group always s so much to talk about! They don't lk about food, but they always have enty of truly luscious dishes. Marsha n't food-conscious, but Mrs. Wood, her pable housekeeper, is, and it's Mrs. ood who plans menus, even when it's arsha who assembles a picnic basket.

Thermos bottles are filled with ice-cold ilk, tomato juice, spiced with Worcester- ire (or College Food Products tomato ice cocktail) and coffee. Marsha never rinks coffee. When she was five, she stole ulp of hot Java under the impression at she was getting cocoa, and to date e hasn't recovered.

"The usual picnic food—sandwiches, ookies, deviled eggs, fruit and pickles— ren't ignored," explains Marsha, "but we y to have things that are not too com- on. Take the baked bean sandwich. You ake this with 100% whole wheat bread, r any good dark brown bread, mixing your ld baked beans with a little onion, green epper, and sometimes a dash of a special alt that has celery seed in it."

If you don't make your own baked beans, Campbell's Pork and Beans are an excel- nt substitute.

"Potato chips are a standby with us. We ake various little jars of relish to dip the hips in—creamed cheese thinned a little nd combined with chives, cottage cheese with horse-radish. Then we have thin strips

of raw carrot to dip in Hellman's mayon- naise."

Marsha's deviled eggs are worth copying.

### DEVILED EGGS

Boil eggs twenty minutes. Remove yolk, mix with finely chopped Bread and Butter pickles, add Best Foods mayonnaise, salt, pepper, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, a tablespoon lemon juice. Mash through a strainer. Replace in egg and sprinkle with grated cheese topped with paprika.

Frequently, because the picnic spot is so close to home, Marsha serves fruit salad with peanut butter or cheese sandwiches, taking the salad up in a bowl, with the dressing in a jar. One of her most success- ful fruit salads is ripe pineapple, shredded, combined with sliced oranges and bananas and a cup of strawberries marinated in French dressing. With this she uses mayon- naise to which has been added a little of the pineapple syrup or some whipped cream.

"If your weather man is unkind enough to provide rain, you may have to give your picnic in the house, and that's when the men's special sandwich comes in," says Marsha. "This is a muffin of whole wheat toasted on one side, buttered, topped with a piece of ground round steak, with or without a slice of onion, and grilled. The juices run down into the bread."

Or you might grill sausages and serve them with *Baked Sweet Potatoes De Luxe*, which can be prepared earlier and heated just before serving.

### BAKED SWEET POTATOES DE LUXE

- 4 sweet potatoes, baked
- 1/3 cup Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk (warmed)
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 8 marshmallows

Cut baked sweet potatoes in half length- wise; scoop out center being careful not to break the shell. Mash sweet potato pulp. Add milk, butter and salt. Beat until fluffy, adding more milk if necessary. Pile lightly in shells. Top each half with a marshmallow. Place in hot oven (450° F.) about ten min- utes or until marshmallows are brown.

(Please turn to page 70)



Carrying her lunch basket, Marsha Hunt sets out for the shady hilltop picnic spot.



## FACTS ABOUT A VITAL PROBLEM

every wife should understand!

Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

● Your happiness—your very health—can depend on whether or not you know the real facts about the vital problem of feminine hygiene!

Many women, who think they know, depend on out-dated or dangerous information . . . make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over- strong solutions of acids which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today modern, well-informed women every- where have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodor- ize—not by temporarily masking—but by de- stroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No appar- atus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

**FREE:** Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 5809A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Just to get acquainted, we will make a **FREE** PROFES- SIONAL Hollywood Enlargement of any snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inch size. Include color of eyes, hair and clothing for information on a life-like color enlarge- ment in a **FREE** FRAME. Original returned with the enlargement. 10c for return mailing appreciated. Act now. Offer good only in U.S.A.  
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Strike up the band!  
Swing into line!  
ROMANCE IS  
ON THE MARCH!

**R**ousing successor to "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI!" Action! Thrills! With a climax that will make you stand up and cheer!



GEORGE MONTGOMERY • MAUREEN O'HARA • JOHN SUTTON

# TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

with LAIRD CREGAR • John Shepperd • Victor Francen  
Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

A  
20<sup>TH</sup>  
CENTURY-FOX  
TRIUMPH!



ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN THIS STIRRING PICTURE IS COMING



# The Editor's Page

## An Open Letter to BUD & LOU



Abbott and Costello keep us laughing in their latest Universal comedy, a gay burlesque of all those South Sea Island movies. Off-screen, too, Bud and Lou do their share in plugging for Victory.

DEAR A & C:

Like bread and butter, moonlight and roses, ham and eggs, love and kisses—you, Abbott and Costello, are a National Institution. Of course, I knew that. Who could help it? Turning out pictures the way you do, and holding forth on the radio, there's no escaping you—and most people don't want to. But I, I must admit, was a fugitive from your peculiar brand of comedy. If I could duck an Abbott-Costello pic, I would, and if that made me a b-a-a-a-d girl, that was all right, too. Until I found myself, through no fault of my own, catching up with one of your old comedies, in an out-of-the-way theater. And I am now a wiser, though far from sadder, woman. It wasn't that you seemed any funnier to me at all. To tell you the truth, I was looking at the audience more often than at the screen. Soldiers and sailors, or just plain people, they were forgetting their troubles for a while and having a wonderful time in your wacky dream world. They were laughing so hard that I laughed, too, I couldn't help myself. And before long I was watching the screen and laughing on my own. From now on, I'm all yours. A & C, I salute you. You're what we need these days. Go ahead, act crazy, and keep us howling.



Roly-poly Costello joins lovely Marie MacDonald in a tropical serenade for "Pardon My Sarong," said to be the wackiest of all the Abbott and Costello films. But the wackier they are, the louder we laugh.

Delight Evans



**BE  
TRUE  
to YOURSELF  
(as I am)**

*Joan Fontaine*



**As told to  
Faith Service**

**She calls herself "a lucky little devil." But Joan Fontaine, most important girl in Hollywood right now, is far more than that. Let her inspire YOU with her strange philosophy!**

**"YOU'LL** never get anywhere," people told me, while I was making my first sixteen pictures at RKO (and, indeed, seeming to get nowhere in the most thoroughgoing fashion). "You never go out," they sneered, "are never seen around town, never take a cocktail, never date a wolf, don't wear low-cut evening gowns, red nails, fake eyelashes, don't dress like a movie star. That is no way to succeed in this business." *But it was my way!*

(A star dressing room, flower-filled, on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Co-starring with Tyrone Power in "This Above All." Telephones ringing. Maids coming and going, serving luncheon, bringing wires. Twenty-four years old. The triumphs of "Rebecca" and "Suspicion" behind her. "The Constant Nymph" and "Jane Eyre" immediately ahead of her. Married to the man she loves.



school-girl slender. Wise as Minerva. Acclaim all around her. And Oscar—mute but golden symbol of her supremacy as judged by those of her own craft.)

I'm completely bewildered, first of all—by Oscar, I mean. I'm a lucky little devil—it was amazing, an amazing feeling to me to be at that Academy Award Dinner, to be there and see all of those stars, some of whom had been in the business for years and had never received an Oscar, to realize that there I was, twenty-four, a novice compared to many of them. I felt—well, as a queen must feel on her Coronation Day, as a politician must feel when, up against formidable opposition, he is elected President, as the winner of the Nobel Prize must feel—as all kinds of people feel when what they are doing is crowned with a sort of ultimate success. Now, at home, on one side of my desk sits a picture of Brian; on the other side sits Oscar—my two little boys! The two "prizes" Life has given me.

(Yes, acclaim all around her, and respect. "Her way" way well worth the heeding, we should say.)

But to go back: when, in my first picture I took the name of Joan Fontaine, that was my first step toward being true to myself in my career. And there were head-shakings and calamity howlings. I was called peculiar, uppish and downright stupid. My sister had made our name of de Havilland known. There was recognition, they said, there was publicity, ready-made for me. A smart girl, they sighed, uses her advantages. But I was

not going to get there on my sister's success, or anybody else's. If I could not get there on my own, in my own way, I preferred not to get there at all.

It would have seemed to me like getting a Christmas present from someone to whom you didn't give one—like getting something for nothing. I should have *hated* it. When I hate a thing, I am never successful at it—are you?

When I made "Damsel in Distress," with Fred Astaire, they rather washed their hands of me. People expected, they said, reproachfully, to see some other type of girl on the screen, more of a musical comedy type. I need not have been so—so blinking *ladylike*, need I?

Yes, I did "need." I could not have played an English lady any way but *as* an English lady. I could not have had her come trucking down the bannisters. It would have made me all cross and snarly inside. I will NOT make myself unhappy. I will NOT sell my integrity for a mess of phony pottage. "One of the 'arty' ones," they said. I know they did!

When "Gone With the Wind" was in preparation, George Cukor wanted me to test for the part of *Melanie*. "I'm awfully sorry, George," I told him, "but I just am not in sympathy with her. I would not be right for her. But Olivia would be. Olivia is the one to play her." Olivia, of course, did play her. Superbly.

"Imagine," they said, "imagine turning down a part in 'Gone With the Wind,' and (*Please turn to page 58*)



She gets the biggest acting parts in pictures! Exquisite opposite Tyrone Power in "This Above All," Joan Fontaine follows this triumph with "The Constant Nymph" opposite Charles Boyer (above).



# "THE MOON AND SIXPENCE"

Fictionized  
by  
Elizabeth  
B.  
Petersen



**N**O ONE would believe that Charles Strickland left London alone when he deserted his wife and children and went to Paris. Of course, there was a woman involved. Why else would a conventional stock broker of forty tear his whole life up by the roots?

At the time of his departure, Geoffrey Wolfe, the writer, had only a slight acquaintance with Strickland and the little he had seen of him only furthered his impression of a kindly, rather dull, plodding business man. Yet years afterwards, those years in which Strickland was hailed as the genius of modern painting, years in which his strange





**George Sanders and great cast  
in sensational picture from W.  
Somerset Maugham's famous story!**



character and amazing life had aroused an interest in the man himself, greater even than the furore created over his art. Geoffrey knew he would have to write the story of this complex man. The riddle of Strickland had become a challenge to him, a challenge he could no longer refuse. He had to probe the mystery of that curious nature. His life had the fascination of a detective story and now that it was over, Geoffrey knew the clues had been there all the time. But they had never been recognized.

*Decorations by Leonard Frank*



**George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley are at their best in this spectacular film! More scenes on following pages.**



# "THE MOON AND SIXPENCE"



Geoffrey never forgot that scene with Amy Strickland after his first visit to Strickland in Paris. He had a distaste for the whole situation but when she had asked him to see her husband since her own letters had received no response, he had gone.

It was then he had discovered there was no way out. Strickland had gone alone. He had to go, he said, his mind burning in his intensity. He *had* to paint.

That phrase had been repeated over and over in conversation, the conversation that always gave Geoffrey a shudder remembering it. Never had he met a man lacking in all human feelings as Strickland. His wife and almost grown children meant nothing to him; no one meant anything to him but his painting.

"He'll never come back," Amy Strickland said. Geoffrey told her. "As long as I thought he'd run off with some woman I felt there was a chance. He'd have been sick to death of her in three months. *Now I don't*



George Sanders as Charles Strickland, the eccentric artist, is united in South Sea Island marriage ceremony with lovely native girl (above). Herbert Marshall as the writer who tells his strange story is finally forced to recognize that Strickland, seemingly cruel and even brutal, is in reality a great artist.



## "THE MOON AND SIXPENCE"

From the novel by W. Somerset Maugham. Screenplay by Albert Lewis. Director, Albert Lewin. Produced by David L. Loew and Albert Lewin. Released through United Artists. With the following cast:

<i>Geoffrey Wolfe</i> .....	Herbert Marshall
<i>Charles Strickland</i> .....	George Sanders
<i>Blanche Stroeve</i> .....	Doris Dudley
<i>Capt. Nichols</i> .....	Eric Blore
<i>Dr. Coutras</i> .....	Albert Basserman
<i>Dirk Stroeve</i> .....	Steve Geray
<i>Maitland</i> .....	Robert Grieg
<i>Capt. MacAndrew</i> .....	Kenneth Hunter
<i>Mrs. MacAndrew</i> .....	Irene Tedrow
<i>Tiare Johnson</i> .....	Florence Bates
<i>Ata</i> .....	Elena Verdugo
Devi Dja and her troupe of Java Bali Dancers	



charming a creature as Mrs. Strickland. "You mean," he said quietly, "you could have forgiven him if he'd left you for a woman, but not if he's left you for an idea? You think you're a match for the one, but against the other you're helpless?"

"I never knew it was possible to hate anyone as much as I hate him," she said bitterly. "I've been comforting myself by thinking that however long it lasted, he would have wanted me at the end. I'd have nursed him like a mother and at the last I would have told him that I'd loved him always and forgave him everything. But now, I should like him to die miserable, poor, and starving, without a friend. I hope he'll rot with some loathsome disease! I've done with him."

Geoffrey felt he was done with Strickland too, done with both of them. But five years later he saw Strickland again. At that time he felt he needed a change from London and had gone to Paris. And as soon as he was settled at his hotel, he went to see his friend, Dirk Stroeve.

Dirk was a Dutch artist with a knack for painting pictures that sold easily. But even though he was an indifferent artist himself, he had an unerring eye for discovering talent in others. Nature had made the round-faced little man a buffoon, naïve and emotional, lovable and laughable. Yet Dirk was one of the biggest men Geoffrey knew.

Now for the first time Geoffrey met Blanche, Dirk's wife, the English girl he so obviously adored. It was almost as if the little man (*Please turn to page 86*)

*him back!* I could have forgiven him if he'd fallen desperately in love. Men are so weak and women are so unscrupulous. But this is different. I hate him. I'll never forgive him now!"

Geoffrey as a novelist was well aware that pettiness and grandeur, malice and charity, hatred and love can be found side by side in the same human heart. Still, he was shocked to find so much vindictiveness, bitterness in so



By S. R. Mook



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**He's  
The  
Man  
Other Men  
HATE!**

**But Women Love**



*Alan Ladd*



VER so often in this business a player leaps to fame overnight—becomes a sensation in his first screen rôle of importance. As I recall, the last was John Garfield. The new man is Alan Ladd. Actually—nine out of ten—there is nothing “overnight” about these “hits”—except that people go to bed unknown and wake up famous. Usually years of gruelling work and study lie behind these sudden “clicks”—years of training make that leap when the chance comes. In that respect, Alan is no exception.

As soon as his picture—“This Gun For Hire” is generally released, magazines will be flooded with stories about him and his biography will become as familiar to you as the monthly rent notice. So, because I happen to know him personally, I am going to try to give you a picture of the man behind *Raven* (his rôle in “This Gun For Hire”).

Although there is something reminiscent of Garfield about Alan, in that both of them in their initial hits played good-looking gangsters who made you feel they could have been right guys if they had had a chance, if they hadn't been buffeted around by Fate—the similarity ends with their acting. Garfield exudes friendliness and will talk his head off as long as anyone will listen. Alan wants to be friendly—but doesn't know how. It is agony

for him to carry on any sort of conversation with strangers and torture for him to speak of anything personal.

His father died when he was five years old. Left with a young son to support, Mrs. Ladd was so busy working that Alan had to shift largely for himself. The result is he has grown up shy, inhibited, and sensitive. It is only since he has known Sue Carol (herself one of the friendliest people in the world) that he has come out of his shell.

Possibly because he kept everything bottled up inside himself he is terrifically emotional. Possibly because he has never had any close friends he concentrated on whatever came to hand, so that whatever he does he does a little better than anyone else.

When he was in school, track work and shot-putting claimed his interest. He did the 100 yard dash in  $9 \frac{8}{10}$  seconds and the 220 in  $20 \frac{2}{10}$ . While his schoolmates were out playing in the afternoons, Alan was pounding the track—training. His record for the twelve-pound shot put is 56 ft.


Later he became interested in swimming. Three or four hours a day were nothing for him to spend in a pool—not frolicking around but practicing strokes and dives. Later, as he became (*Please turn to page 84*)

Photo below, Alan with his wife who is also his agent: Sue Carol, who was an important film star in silent days.

Below, scenes from “The Glass Key” in which Ladd again appears opposite Veronica Lake, and with Brian Donlevy.







# Hollywood War Wife Speaks!

Exclusi  
graph  
bourne,

Like thousands of other young wives all over the country, Brenda Marshall Holden is keeping up a home for her husband to come back to. "It is for these homes that men fight, and when they have homes they love to fight for, they win!" she says in this sincere, inspiring story

By

Elizabeth Wilson



AND so they were married and lived happily ever after." Most of us used to believe in this dreamy old fairy-tale ending. A lot of wise guys told us it was the bunk, but we kept on believing in it just the same. It was so comfortable. Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden believed in it, too. They were sort of counting on it after their hectic romance. They believed hard. But that was before Herr Schicklgruber, a pasty-faced paper hanger over in Germany, got too big for his britches. (Why don't they say, "Heil Schicklgruber" instead of Heil Hitler?) That would make even a Nazi laugh.) And so they were married and he hurried off to war and she stayed home and tried to keep her heart from breaking. That's the present day ending.



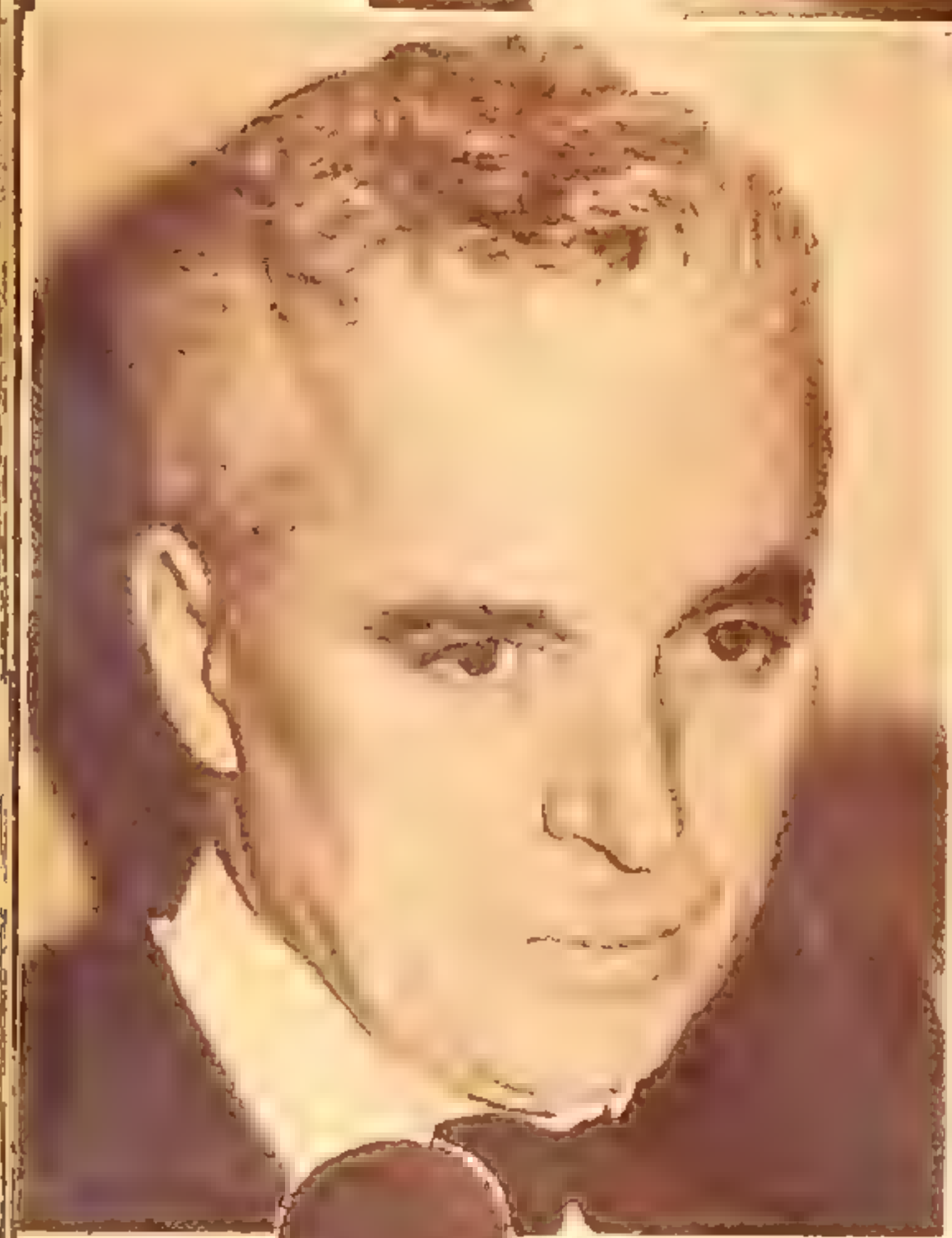
Brenda and her Bill. At left below, with "Banner," the horse Bill "rented" before his induction into the Army.



Like thousands of other young wives all over the country Brenda Marshall has waved goodbye to her soldier-husband. With the mixed emotions of pride and dread. Pride in her man because he is so willing to fight for his country. And dread of the future with its days and weeks and maybe years of aching loneliness. Brenda knows that she is sharing the experience of women all over America, and like them she is determined to show no less courage than her husband. "I am not a sentimentalist," said Brenda to me over scrambled eggs and coffee. "thank goodness for that." And then she made a complete liar out of herself by having her eyes fill up with a misty something that certainly wasn't glycerin from the make-up department. I suspect that young Mrs. Holden isn't one of those wonderful Spartan women she's pretending to be. Horrible thought, but I'm sure she's an old softie terribly in love with a lovable boy three thousand miles away.

"I like to think of Bill's going away as just another location," Brenda said, reaching for my lump of sugar, which I had promised her. Hollywood restaurants give out with only (Please turn to page 67)





# CHARLIE CHAPLIN *talk*



By May Mann

They never gave personal interviews about each other! The great comedian and the fiery beauty never talked. But here, for the first time, you may read the real, revealing story of Hollywood's most enigmatic personalities



GLAMOR  
...?



# PAULETTE GODDARD



PAULETTE is not a siren! She is entirely different than she appears on the screen. She is naïve, just like a little child. I handled her so gently, so carefully; understood her moods, her reactions, anticipated her reasoning.

"One day she'd be singing all the day long, happy and gay. Running over the lawns in her bare feet, jumping into the pool for a splashing—without a care or thought in her pretty little head. Next she'd likely be as serious as a school marm, studying away furiously, delving into books and scripts and plays—quite oblivious to everyone."

It was Charlie Chaplin talking about Paulette Goddard! The first time, since he arose before the cheering of the première audience at "The Great Dictator" in New York City and said simply, "My wife and I" (bowing to Paulette by his side) "thank you."

And now that one of the world's great romances seems to be definitely on the rocks, with Charlie and Paulette divorced in Juarez, Mexico, early in June, we consider it a privilege to be able to record the true feelings of the famous

Today, she is an important star. He is still the world's greatest clown. Yesterday, she was just Chaplin's leading lady. Photographs illustrate the progress of Paulette Goddard, from unknown blonde squired by Charlie (facing page), gamine of his "Modern Times," to the dazzling beauty of this day.

little comedian for the girl he "discovered" and whom he always liked to call "Mrs. Chaplin."

Charlie was talking quite like any other husband—displaying the domestic side of a girl who has been called by some both beautiful and coldly ambitious in the same breath. All because Paulette chooses to live her own life deviating from the conventional channels of Hollywood publicity. Even Paulette's own press-agent couldn't say whether Paulette was Mrs. Chaplin or Miss Goddard, although he assumed she was both. This because Paulette had never discussed her marriage. For Paulette keeps her private life—just that. Private!

But here Charlie Chaplin was disclosing at-home facts about (Please turn to page 80)

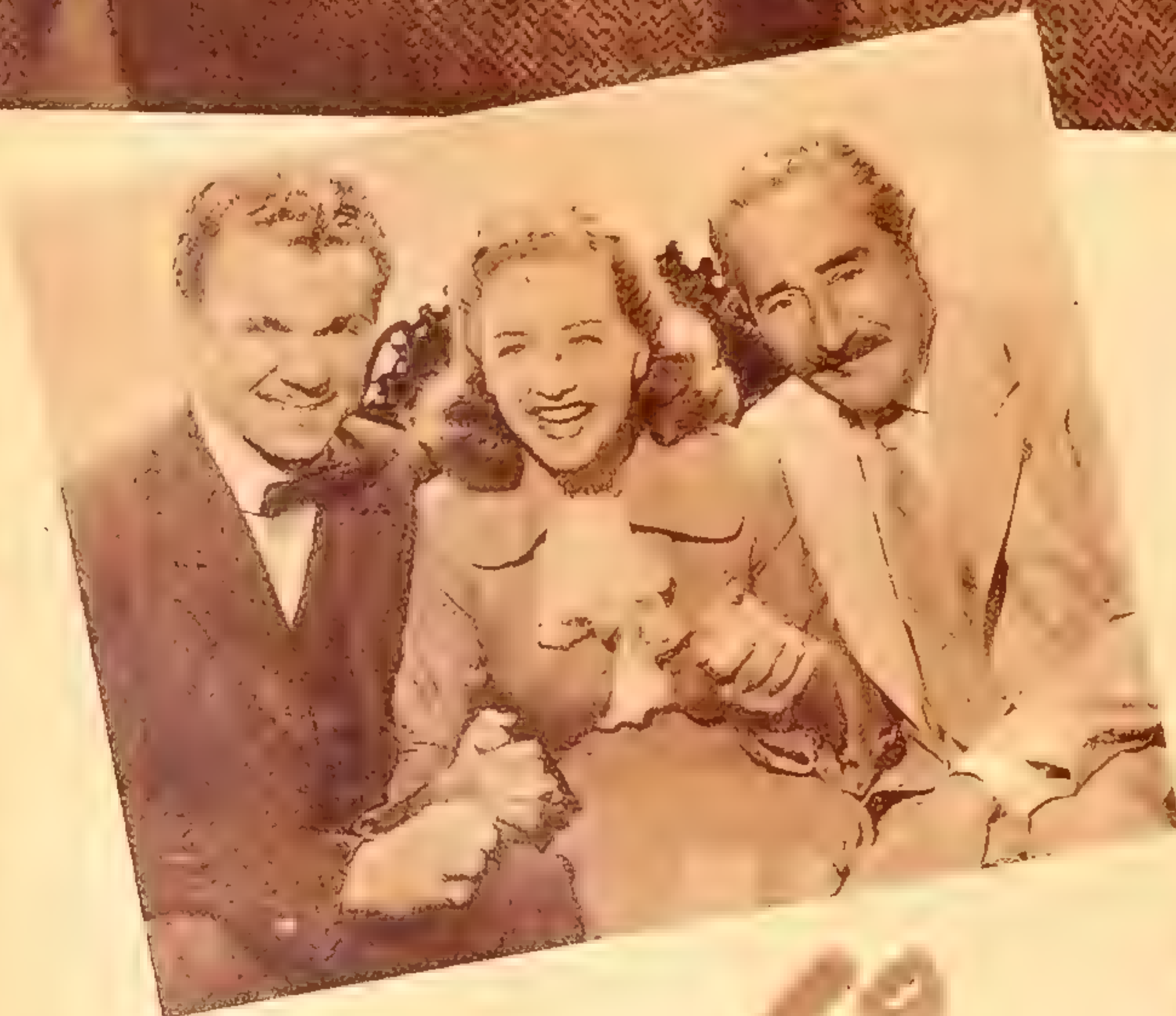






Listen, kids! Young Cooper can help you wrestle with those teen-age problems—and lick 'em before they lick you!

*Advice*



"'M A very usual Nineteen," was Jackie's opening gun. He looked at me rather anxiously. "Being so usual," he worried, "may not make me much of a story for you."

I didn't worry. When a member of the teen age admits he is "usual" you know, good and well, how unusual he is.

"I mean," Jackie was saying, "I read an article you did with Joan Leslie in *SCREENLAND* a while back in which she talked about being sixteen and what an unusual sixteen she is. It was a very interesting piece," Jackie added, politely, "but gosh, I don't rate! Like I say, I'm as usual as bread. I guess I'm Every Boy. Which doesn't make me stand out from my fellow-men like the Tattooed Man."

"I mean, I like to tinker with my car. I like swimming, riding, tennis and all sports events. I smoke an occasional cigarette. I don't take drinks but only because I have no desire to. Just now I'm taking up golf. I'd still like to play football but can't find anyone to play with anymore. Most





of my friends are fellows of twenty-five or so, too dilapidated for the pigskin.

"I like having dates. I've been falling in and out of love ever since I was eight. It was Mitzi Green, I remember, when I was nine. If I couldn't marry Mitzi Green, I thought, I just plain wished I was dead and buried. I like to go to premières and parties and dancing and bowling. A hermit or a lone wolf makes better copy, I know, someone kind of *strange* but I," sighed Jackie, quite happily, "am very unstrange. I like parcheesi and playing the drums. I collect records, guns, and go in for amateur photography. I eat everything, like vegetables, especially string-beans and spinach. I guess that makes me a little unusual, that spinach! I hate squabs 'cause (Please turn to page 64.)

Jackie Cooper at nineteen is a successful movie star, and gives his mother (with him below) all the credit. Remember Jackie when he was the famous "Skippy"?—center of facing page. Today he stars in "Syncope" (still at far left opposite page shows him with Adolphe Menjou and Bonita Granville.) It's Bonita who's his best girl (see pictures bottom of pages)



# NINETEEN-YEAR-OLDS

FROM

## JACKIE COOPER

By

Gladys Hall





**A**N AUTUMN day can be ever so dreary the first day you start a picture—on a new lot—with a new crew—with a new star. It can be even more dreary when you're nervous. And I was nervous. Because among my souvenirs was tucked away the unhappy prospect of life on the set with a star who wasn't even going to say "good morning" to me. I said I was thrilled that we were going to make a picture with Miss Jean Arthur on account of she was my favorite actress. Why is it that the people you don't ask are always the people who tell you? "You'll never get to know her—we tried," they said.

My boss called, "Sing out when you're ready, boys." Pretty soon the cameraman said "Okay." A little lady, stunning and trim in a beige suit, slipped in and quietly stood before the lights. It was just like that. She stood there. She didn't say a word (*Please turn to page 62*)

# Gentle Lady

**So she's aloof, is she, and snooty, and temperamental? You don't know THIS Jean Arthur!**

**By  
Romaine**

A revelation of the real Jean Arthur is this closeup by Romaine, our brilliant new writer who is director Wesley Ruggles' prized secretary.



Jean's two heroes in Columbia's "Talk of the Town": Ronald Colman and Cary Grant





# Regal Rita

Current Queen of Cinema Charm, Rita Hayworth, is more strikingly lovely than ever in "Tales of Manhattan." Here, she is wearing her most dramatic new gown, designed for her by Howard Greer—white crepe with harem-draped skirt slit to the knee, and daring strapless bodice.





### YOUR GIRL SAL,

poses in Howard Greer's luscious cocktail dress of rose and white printed silk and white silk fringe. Her "hat," from John-Frederics, is a tiny cap of white straw with a chrysanthemum over each ear, and a chin veil.

### RAVISHING RITA,

exclusively for this magazine's readers, models her favorite Howard Greer gown, below—a bold pattern of scarlet and white moulded waistline and skirt drapery looped to one side. Hayworth will presently be seen, and it can't be too soon for a legion of fans, in 20th Century-Fox's "Tales of Manhattan."





## DESIGNED FOR A DREAM GIRL,

Hayworth's personal wardrobe for Summer by Ward Greer. The gowns follow a very definite theme. In instance, the skirts feature unusual drapery, most of a daringly slit at the center front. Below, dinner of dull powder blue printed in black and white.



## PINK LADY!

New daytime length for evening is emphasized in black crepe frock above, with shoulder yoke of pale pink, designed by Greer for Miss Hayworth's personal use. John-Frederics hat is a circle of pale pink roses.



BETTY,  
BEHAVE!




Wherever you glance these days there's Grable — teasing John Payne, tempting Vic Mature for "Footlight Serenade" — or giving that look that means so much to real-life love George Raft



20th Century-Fox





# MAKE UP YOUR MIND, MELVYN!

Are you going to kiss  
Joan, or aren't you? An-  
swer, yes; see "They All  
Kissed the Bride," new  
Douglas-Crawford film





DONNA REED  
in "Random Harvest."

M-G-M Studio gives us fair warn-  
ing—here are the girls to watch out  
for in the future, just a few of the  
many being groomed for stardom

DOROTHY MORRIS  
in "Tulip Time."



JEAN ROGER  
in "Pacific Rendezvous"



ARNING!  
Dangerous  
Curves  
Ahead!



PATRICIA DANE in "Grand Central Murder."

FRANCES RAFFERTY  
in "Tulip Time."





Gene's here  
in his latest  
public releas  
pretty Lou  
Currie, she  
with Autry  
the scene be

*Gene Autry*

By request! Idol of a million  
or so kids—of assorted ages—  
Gene's grins and gunplay appear  
next in "Stardust on the Sage"







plays Roy,  
al, Linda  
plays Joan  
romance on  
Range,"  
s recent  
epic.



*Roy Rogers*

Also by request! Boyish charm of Roy Rogers belies the brave deeds he is called upon to accomplish in "Romance on the Range"





# Fashioned With Love!

Her own adoring husband created these costumes to enhance the exotic charms of Gene Tierney

Oleg Cassini is not only the lucky man who wooed and won Gene Tierney, but a brilliant young designer in his own right. See how the clever clothes emphasize the beauty of his wife, who is now starring in 20th Century-Fox' "Thunder Bird."



RE KEEN!

RAY H/C/DONALD

Ray McDonald's dancing feet won him a film contract, but he has since proved he can act, and his youthful fan following hopes that M-G-M will cast him in a big rôle soon.



*Photo by Bert Anderson, Columbia Pictures*



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH  
Frances Dee and William Holden  
in "Meet The Stewarts"





# Romance Comes to VAN HEFLIN!

**"Scoop" story of brilliant young actor's  
surprise marriage and colorful career**

**By Maude Cheatham**

**T**ALL, terrific Van Heflin can't get away from the spotlight! This young actor, coming to California for a fling at pictures fresh from his Broadway triumphs in "The Philadelphia Story," with Katharine Hepburn, became a sensation in his very first film, "The Santa Fé Trail." He not only won the movie audiences with his stirring portrayal of the young traitor, but he captured their imagination with an arresting personality. Then, he signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and has appeared in half a dozen pictures, among them "The Feminine Touch," "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," "Johnny Eager," and lately, "Seven Girls," and in each he's scored an outstanding success.

While he insists he is not the spectacular (*Please turn to page 78.*)





# MARIE tells on MAISIE

By  
Virginia Wood



Photos of Ann Sothern at home, courtesy M-G-M. Ann appears in "Maisie Gets Her Man," with Red Skelton. Scoop stills from new film on Page 60.



Ann Sothern's maid likes her job, but she doesn't mind admitting that "Miss Sothern is very fussy," and "The hardest thing I have to do is keep her on her diet!" Here, for once, a star's maid tells the truth. See exclusive photos of Ann's home







WAS twelve years ago in New York City, when she was appearing in her second Broadway play, "America's Sweetheart," that Ann Sothern met her maid, Marie. Marie had been working for Inez Courtney, who was also in the show and in fact shared the same dressing room with Ann. "She was the prettiest maid in New York," Ann says confidentially, "and besides being pretty, she was so calm and collected, no matter what happened, I envied Inez for having seen her first." And when Ann left New York for Hollywood, Marie silently wished she might be going there too, but with the show business being in a state of collapse and all, but she dismissed the idea, thinking it very improbable that she would ever be able to make the long trek to California.

Then one day Marie's husband came home with good news. He had secured a position with a Hollywood actor and was leaving for the film city. Marie packed her belongings and they started out, confident that something would turn up for Marie after they got there. You might say that fate took a hand along about here, because one of the first people Marie looked up was her good friend, Ann Sothern's



maid. And stranger still, she discovered that Ann had just secured the girl a position as matron at Columbia studio, thereby leaving her job open! Needless to say, Ann grabbed Marie at once and she has been firmly ensconced in Ann's household for the past eight years now. Intelligent, soft-voiced and still most attractive, in spite of her added poundage, Marie cares for Ann with the impersonality (Continued from page 59)



# BEAUTY—NOT QUITE AS USUAL



Beauty time-savers suggested by Ruth Hussey. Short cuts, economies and substitutions may be the order of the day, but beauty is definitely here to stay!

By  
Courtenay Marvin



Ruth Hussey, feminine star of "Pie the Plains," puts her personal groove on a war-time basis. She has learned to do for herself, to save time and achieve a perfect, lasting, studio effect. Here are quick lessons for

NOTHING is as usual today. Nor could we ask that it be or even want it to be in the swift course of change that is affecting everyone of us. But from this desk viewpoint, let me assure you that there is no need now to view the sweeping changes confronting us with a pessimistic eye. Such changes as have come and are coming to the beauty and fashion world actually seem welcome. The clothes picture looks encouraging from the angles of simplicity and chic. Maybe you have no idea how a shorter length of fabric can challenge a designer's ingenuity to do something truly striking about it. And maybe you have no idea how a shortage or absence of some hitherto essential substance in cosmetics can inspire chemists to create something new and more satisfactory. Undoubtedly the range of shades in lipstick and powder tones will be somewhat restricted. But, frankly, I still find it very confusing to be confronted with a dozen shades of powder and try to choose the right one. Six would simplify the situation for many.

In spite of minor details, be of good cheer. For beauty is still here—and here to stay! A little bird tells me we shall look lovelier than ever

and we shall manage that much less time than heretofore and with much less expense. Not long ago, I went through several large factories, and work does not allow much time out for primping. But on my face, it seemed to me, was as attractive in its own way—no skin, the right degree of makeup and well groomed hair where it was not hidden by cap or sanitary turban.

On this page, Ruth Hussey has posed to show four important short-cuts to good grooming. Every point gets a big O. K. from this department because it applies directly to you and you. Ruth has natural beauty to begin with. She is the first radiant, whole-hearted American type. And when visiting Washington she after the President's Birthday Ball and talking with a welcoming committee, compliments on Ruth's loveliness and charm flew fast and furious. I asked several what gown she wore. No one could answer. Apparently, attention was focused on her face.





k a girl, of course, to say white satin. Hollywood today is exploding the myth that stars can be beautiful because they have little to do but attend to appearance. Never I saw a hard-working crew, it is that Hollywood bunch today. Practically all I see are contributing in one way or another to the war cause. They tour on War Bond expeditions or they entertain the men in service or they hold benefits, and they knit and adopt groups of men in uniform as a "sister" and send them cheering letters and packages. And like the rest of us, they manage to do these things and make pictures, besides, because they have fast learned short cuts in many things.

For the benefit of ourselves, let's analyze these short cuts. Begin with hair. Nothing ruins neglect quicker than hair. The brush and shampoo are your good aids here. The brush is a telling cleansing agent. Just look at yours sometime, if you want to be convinced! Once you get a good, quick rhythm, you can do that daily brushing in a jiffy, and it does remove dust, scalp scales and excess oil. Ruth uses a stiff brush and brushes against the way her hair is dressed. You see this in the picture. If your hair comes down, as it mostly does, brush up. If you wear your hair up, brush down. And try Ruth's quick cleanser—a thickness of soap of cheesecloth pressed over the brush strokes to be used as a blotter-upper for dust and oil. This is wonderful at any time, especially if you have a cold and cannot shampoo or if a date catches you unaware. If the cheesecloth becomes soiled—as it will—replace with fresh on the brush.

Here is Ruth's ritual for a self-shampoo. It begins with a good brushing to dispel dirt and get up circulation. Next, she applies olive oil to her scalp and massages for a few minutes. This is always good, not only for those who do not like the mess, but there are some fine scalp pomades to be applied the night before or a few hours before the shampoo. Either method will help soften scalp secretion so that it is more easily shampooed away and will generally encourage better scalp and hair condition. For her shampoo, Ruth melts castile soap (chip the required amount in warm water and then let simmer until you have a soapy solution), and she gives her hair a good soaping. Let me add that with the good castile shampoos available and the many other types of shampoo, also, I think you can save time by buying the finished preparation. However, each to her own choice here, as either method is good. Ruth washes and rinses. Thorough rinsing is a real answer to shining, alive, clean hair. When she finishes this little job with a vinegar rinse. Something even better than vinegar, it seems to be, are the innocent beauty rinses available under several well-known trade names. These give the benefits of vinegar or lemon and add a tiny extra sparkle and beauty. By the way, I think you need not worry about having plenty of good shampoos and rinses. Neither utilizes expensive materials. So your curls can shine and clean and sweet. Ruth sets her own hair in the pin-curl method, and she adds this radio note: stretch out each curl before you twist and pin it in place. This avoids frizz. Another war note: now and then we read in the papers that there may be a shortage of hairpins. Let me add that the makers of good hairpins still seem to be supplying us most satisfactorily. But—in case—Perc Westmore recently devised a wonderful substitute for setting the curls—wooden toothpicks. They plunge readily through the little flat curls, hold them securely until dry. Perc even went patriotic and pinned up Brenda Marshall's lovely locks with red, white and blue ones!

To save time, we need to apply make-up well and carefully. Then it will last and look lovely for hours. Ruth uses only powder. (Please turn to page 71)

# Yours for Loveliness

Summer aids that help you feel and look a prettier "soldier" —time-, money- and beauty-savers — all!

COTY'S Muguet des Bois (lily of the valley) makes its bow at a time when love is doubly precious to all. Muguet des Bois has a rich tradition inherited from a happier France. There, it was the flower of love; girls in love wore it—brides carried it to the altar. And now, Coty presents it to you in a perfume, a toilet water, a dusting powder and a talc. It is prettily packaged, and it seems to me to be a perfect fragrance accent for everything, from dark Summer sheers to crisp day cottons.

DURA-GLOSS chose the berry—black-berry, mulberry and wineberry—for this Summer's color inspiration for your nails. And a wealth of sun-ripened tone resulted—happy reminder of a lazy sun over fields of ripening fruit and grain. These warm shades look very smart on fingers and toes and each possesses that great Dura-Gloss virtue of staying on a long time and remaining bright and shining. War workers will welcome both the beauty and durability of this polish, for Dura-Gloss can certainly take bumps and shine!

I THINK we're all working now as never before, and that, coupled with warm weather, brings an effective deodorant and non-perspirant into the limelight. Neet Deodorant seems just the aid to keep your under-arms sweet, fresh and dry and to protect your ultra-precious clothing. This is one of those feather-weight creams you apply in a jiffy and a moment later would not even know you had used it, for it's stainless, greaseless and vanishes almost instantly. The cream seems gentle on sensitive skin, too.

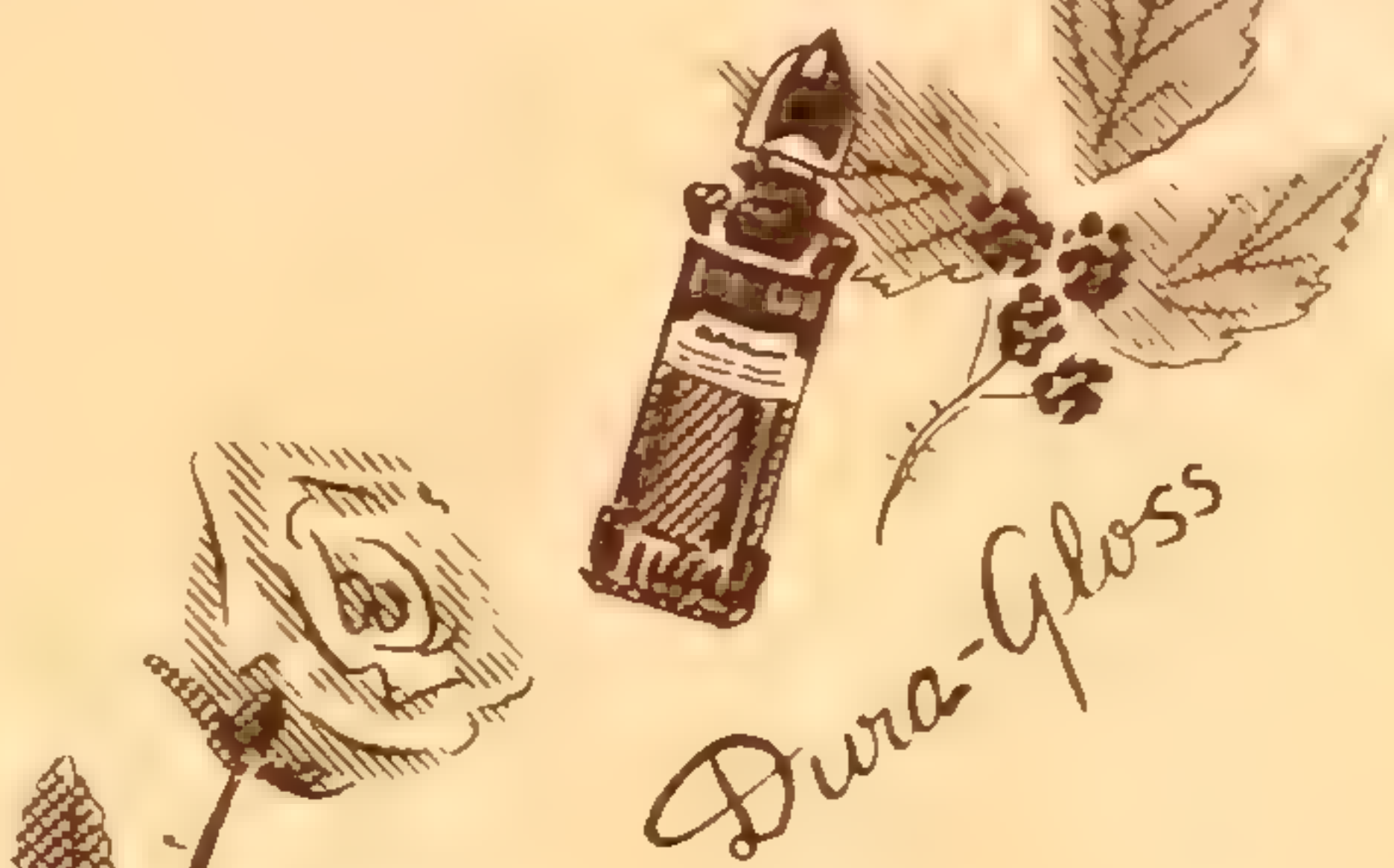
IN SPITE of knowing how to protect yourselves, many will go and get sunburned. Never has this touch of Nature been too pleasant; now it may mean valuable time lost from emergency work. One of the most effective home first aids is Mentholatum, that general all-around blessing in any bath cabinet. Apply this cooling, soothing balm immediately for relief, and stay out of the sun! Save that Mentholatum. Later, when sharp winds nip you, you'll find it good for cold weather discomfort, too!

FOR perfectly shaped lips, for an economical use of rouge, Tipstik is tops. This ingeniously devised little shaper makes lip rouging a quick, precise and artistic job. It is a precious time-saver in these rushed days, and the rouge has a lovely, young, moist quality. In spite of heat and humidity, a radiant, well-shaped mouth gives any face that cool, clean-cut quality that is admired by all. Tipstik comes in five gallant reds, and lasts and lasts because you need not apply it too often. It's a real little glamor gadget.

IF ANYTHING can take the sizzle out of a sizzling August day, it is a cooling bath with all the sweet trimmings. And Wrisley offers some lovely trimmings in the way of its Old Fashioned Bouquet soap, bubble bath (to make you feel luxurious), dusting powder and cologne. The smart blue and white striped powder box is sketched. The scent reminds you of a rain-wet garden at dusk, and the products are elegant, though reasonably priced. A bodily drop in temperature is encouraged by these cooler offers. Courtenay Marvin.



Coty's  
Muguet des Bois



Dura-Gloss



Neet



Mentholatum



Tipstik



Wrisley







## Be True to Yourself (as I am) Joan Fontaine

Continued from page 21

with Gable, too—a nobody, a girl who has never done anything!"

But I would rather not do anything than do something I feel is wrong for me. I was happier not doing the part than I would have been doing it. I might have assumed it successfully enough, I don't know. But I would have been faking something I did not feel, that I know. I am a flop as a faker! "But an actress," people may say, "an actress is supposed to play any rôle, isn't she? An actress must be all women in one." Perhaps. I don't know. But not me! And I think, perhaps, that is a fallacy. Because a writer cannot write any kind of book, a painter cannot paint any kind of picture nor a musician compose any kind of music. I think we must all do things pretty much our true, *own* way. *I* must, I know.

Then I got "Rebecca." "Rebecca" was right for me. I *knew* it because I felt happy about it. There were none of the queasy qualms and uneasy questionings.

But after I made "Rebecca" I waited and waited and *waited* before I did another picture. I had offers and turned them down. It was not always easy. "Back Street," for instance. I came in for considerable criticism when I turned that down. I tried very hard to convince myself that this was for me. As is my habit when I am confused about anything, I went into a conference with myself:

"Think, Joan," I said to myself, "the chance of playing with Boyer!" "You will not be good in the part," I answered me. "But—a lot of money, a big production, surely—" "You will not be good in the part! You are not the type. You are not in sympathy with the woman you must play. No use your doing anything unless you can do it well."

I turned it down. I turned down "The Howards of Virginia" for the same reason. For months and months I did nothing, nothing at all. "One of the neurotic ones,"

they said. "She is staying off the screen too long. She will lose all the advantage 'Rebecca' gave her. She will be forgotten. Who does she think she is?" Well, I *am* neurotic. I am emotional, perhaps over emotional. And I think I am *me*, and no body else!

To play a part I feel doesn't fit me is to me, exactly like wearing someone else's dress. It might look wonderful on another girl. On me, it is too long or too short, too large or too small, unbecoming. As a small child, I was the same. Ill as I often was, out of things as I often was because of illness, I *preferred* to be out of things rather than pretend to be something, or feel something, that was not my dish of tea.

I can't say that I figured it all out, then in neat and copybook terms, with the quotation "This above all: to thine own self be true" as my working motto. I only knew that *the only times I was unhappy were the times when I didn't like myself!* I could be mad at my sister, furious at my friends, indignant with my teachers, aggrieved at my mother—but so long as I could pat myself on the back and say, "Bless you, Joan," and *mean* it, I was all right.

Only when I began to work in the picture, "This Above All," did it occur to me that the quotation from which the title is taken expresses the way I have always tried to live—yes, and *do* live. I see that. It is really a very simple way—"my way." I have to be happy with myself. I have to like what I am doing, and believe in it. I have to like *me*. If I do not like me, I have it out with myself until we are friends again, I and me.

Even in little things—shopping, for instance: I went shopping not long ago and succumbed to the temptation of buying two hideously expensive dresses. I *knew* I shouldn't but could not resist them. All the way home I tried to rationalize what I had done. An experience every girl has had, and will continue to have, while girls are girls.

"It is good business for you to dress expensively, Joan, old thing," I told myself.



Left and above, Deanna Durbin, who is fond of children, visiting the Hollywood Guild Nursery. Speaking of babies, there's been an unconfirmed rumor that Deanna will have a baby of her own after finishing "Forever Yours," first film since making up with her studio. Below, Deanna decorates a fence rail at Carillo's California ranch. Lucky Lee





owe it to—to your studio. You must up appearances." "But such successes you have had," I came back at myself, not because you dressed expensively, you very well know." "I am buying them Brian's sake," I said, taking another. "I can just see the look in Brian's when I wear them." "You know per- y well," I came back at me, "that the in Brian's eyes is the same whether wear a mink coat or a kitchen apron!" "I want them!" I told myself.

I spent the night, disturbed, uncom- able, with a bad case of mental prickly. In the morning, I sent them back. I ld feel too frivolous in them, I knew. ould be thinking of all the food and ical supplies I could have sent to the in the Army with the money they. Once I got them out of the house, I happy with myself again.

was engaged seven times before I met n. I thought I was in love each one he seven times or, of course, I would have got myself engaged. I didn't ry because there was always a question y mind—and in my heart. "You are ve," I told myself. Seven times I told elf that. "Nonsense," myself told me, are nothing of the sort. You are a , vaporish, romantical Miss. You want e in love. You are in love with love not with Tom or Dick or Harry, and ou know it." And there would be an- r engagement, broken into bits, on the or floor.

married the right man five weeks after et him. This time I *knew*. This time e were no questions between myself me. None at all. And no man could o right for me as the man I married. can't *really* fool our hearts, you know. had a struggle with myself when I l to decide whether I should continue y career after I married. "Perhaps should stay at home, play the rôle of Brian Aherne, and no other," I told elf. "But you are just going into ecca," myself told me. "You are, also, going into marriage and you believe, know you do, that a woman's place is he home." "But 'Rebecca' is such an ortant picture, the first important one ve had, my big chance!" "Marriage is ortant, too. And this is your first mar- e. This is your big chance for personal iness. You know very well that it is e important that you put out Brian's ers for him than that you put make-up our face." "But I will work twice as l as other women, at being a wife and ome-maker, I mean." "If you can do , all right, then." "Oh, I can! I will. I will mean more to Brian if I am essional in my career, much, much more." what way? What do you mean?"

mean, if Brian were a business man, e came home from a dull day wanting to forget the drudgery of the office, ating a complete change of atmosphere, it would be different. Then I should at home, and my function would be to him peace and quiet and variety. But an comes home taut, excited, wanting alk shop, wanting to discuss scenes he done, scenes I have done—"

Yes, I see. I quite see. It is better so. I would never want him to say to you, but of course, you can't understand—, never. Never that! And Brian works exciting women, enterprising women, glorious women. For his sake as well mine, he must not feel let down with As he might do if I stayed at home figuratively if not actually, darned the ts." "Yes, you are right here. This is and reasoning. This is so."

I am sure it is. I feel, now, that the ard we both reap from my having a er is worth the slight inconvenience it es us. I want Brian to be proud of

me and he is proud of me. This is as good for Brian as it is for me. A man needs to be proud of his wife. I am so fond of my husband's admiration. I treasure it so, that look of pride." "Then you are all right, old thing. So long as you do only the things that will make him proud, you are all right."

When the right answer comes, you see, *you know it*. You may be able to fool other people, but you cannot fool yourself.

During this past couple of years, I have had another problem to thrash out with myself. It was: should I go back to Eng- land? "Perhaps you should," I have told myself. "It would be a spectacular thing for you to do, Joan," myself told me, "espe- cially right now when things are breaking for you, as they are. 'How gallant of her,' people would say, 'just when she is coming into her own, too.'" "But if it is merely spectacular, I would be making a rather large and noisy gesture, wouldn't I?" "Yes," myself answered me, "yes, and one in which you do not believe, you know you don't." "No, I don't. Because I feel that, over there, I would be in the way, another mouth to feed, another responsibility. Here, I can continue to earn money. *We* can con- tinue, Brian and I, to send ambulances, medical supplies. Brian can keep on taking care of his people and we can go on taking care of our two English orphans. If I have had any doubt of the honesty of my mo- tives, I have none at all since I heard the President's recent speech on the air. Pic- tures and picture people, he said, are neces- sary to maintain morale. That is how I want to feel, that is how we all must feel today—*necessary*. So I am content with myself. I know there is nothing better I can do than remain here in Hollywood, making pictures. Do you know," I asked myself, "what one of my reasons was for making the picture, 'This Above All?'" "No, what was it?" "It was because of the things the girl says—about England being worth dying for. I wanted the privilege of saying those things. Yes, here, I know, is where I am most useful." "Then, at peace with yourself, here is where you should stay." "I am staying here and, soon, I shall be an American citizen." "But you are English. You mean, you have changed your country?" "I changed it long ago, really. I mean, I have lived here all my life. I have earned my money here. I feel it is only right that I should be a citizen of the country where I have my home and earn my living." "Good girl. We agree on this, you and I."

So, when I am in doubt, I argue it out with myself. Brian, on the other hand, feels that he cannot change his country during the war. When it is over he, too, will do what is most true to himself. Each in our own way.



16-months-old Dick Heckman was on hand to welcome his aunt home from her Army camp tour. Tiny tot is Deanna Durbin's nephew.

No one, I sincerely believe, ever made a mistake in being true to himself. Leaving personal happiness out of it, leaving out the equation of right or wrong, it is, also, nine times out of ten, good business as well as good conscience. Consider how it has worked for me: I turned down the part of *McLanie*—and got *Rebecca*. I sacrificed the chance, and it was a sacrifice, of working with Boyer in "Back Street"—and am working with him now, in "The Constant Nymph." I was engaged seven times, mar- riage tempted me, I waited—and found Brian!

If, in the early days of my career, I had listened to what they said; if I had gone to Hollywood parties, worn extreme clothes, tried to be something I am not, I might have had quicker and easier success but it would have been, I know, easy come and easy go. I would never have got *Rebecca*. I would never have won my love- ly, beautiful handsome Oscar for "Sus- picion" because I would not have been given those kind of parts to play. If I had not been true to myself, *I would never have got anywhere*.

But even if it had not worked out for me, as it has; even if I had lost jobs, lost the man I love because the jobs, or the man, were not for me, I would still be one up. Because I can hold my head up in the world. I have an un-muddled mind and a clear conscience!

## Marie Tells on Maisie . . .

Continued from page 55

of a trained nurse; which, incidentally, she has always wanted to be. The nearest she has ever come to realizing this ambi- tion was one day over at the RKO studios where Ann was working in a picture. Dur- ing the filming of a scene, Ann stumbled and fell, hitting her face on the sharp edge of a table. Marie rushed to her side, along with the rest of the crew, and saw at once that Ann's lip had been badly cut and would require stitching. Taking the matter in hand, Marie refused to allow any- one to touch the injured lip, administering the required first aid herself until Ann's

own doctor could be summoned to perform the necessary surgery.

"One of the hardest things I have to do," Marie will tell you, "is to keep Miss Sothern on her diet. You see, if there's one thing she likes to do it's eat. And when she eats, she wants all the wrong things. Osce (that's the cook) spoils her, too, un- less I keep my eyes peeled. And when Miss Sothern diets, the whole family goes on a diet with her. It's not a bad diet—just cutting down on starches and sweets, but if Miss Ann sees the rest of the folks eat- ing something different, she always wants





Ann Sothorn and Red Skelton have some fun with *Prof. Orco's* knife-throwing paraphernalia on set of "Maisie Gets Her Man," their new film.



Ann (*Maisie*) smiles when Red, who plays a corny vaudeville comedian, throws the knives, but let us see if Mr. Skelton can also take it.



Red Skelton is scared and he looks it, particularly when Ann shows him how to raise his knife. Now he's in favor of playing a different game.

it, too, so it's easier if we all go on a diet at the same time."

Ann admits Marie is right and that she actually feels better when she eats sensibly, but she makes a big noise about it just on general principles. "That woman has an iron will," she wails. "She won't let me have ANYTHING that's bad for me. And I get so bored doing the 'right thing' all the time. It's just no FUN at all!"

I must say Ann looks mighty cute and appealing when she pouts like that. I, personally, don't see how Marie can resist her.

"Miss Sothorn is very fussy," Marie relates. "My goodness, if her clothes aren't put away in their proper places—cleaned and pressed and all in order, she just has a fit! She doesn't even like to get mussed up herself. Except, of course, when she goes fishing. Then she puts on an old pair of dungarees and a plaid shirt and has herself a big time. Only she won't put that messy bait on the hook, even then. Someone else has to do that for her. And the funniest thing," Marie chuckled again, "Miss Sothorn doesn't like fish! She won't even have it in the house!"

Which is rather amazing, considering that Ann would rather spend a day out on a boat, basking in the sun and sitting patiently hour after hour waiting for that nibble on the end of her line, than almost anything you can suggest.

"One thing Miss Sothorn just hates is being wakened in the morning," Marie went on. "We all have to be quiet as mice around the house until she rings her bell. Then we know it's all right to go ahead with the day's work."

It's Marie, too, who takes Ann's tray up to her around nine o'clock of a morning—the huge breakfast tray, with its delicate

handpainted flowers and dainty china. But on the tray, much to Ann's disgust, is the same thing every morning—orange juice and coffee—black. That and the mail, together with the morning paper, are all she gets!

"But I'm hungry, Marie," she'll cry. "Please can't I have just ONE little egg?"

Marie smiles patiently and shakes her head, as she fluffs up the pillows and smooths out the sheets so her charge can comfortably relax while drinking the hated liquids, hoping the mail and maybe a good review will serve to divert her mind.

"She's like a little girl," Marie's soft voice went on. "I have to think of everything for her. She forgets about appointments and telephone calls, you know, if I don't remind her."

On the other hand, Ann never forgets a birthday or an anniversary—those things most apt to elude even the best of us.

"She has a yearly calendar," Marie explains, "and she keeps track of everybody's birthday and anniversary that way. She spends a lot of time selecting gifts for her friends and she usually will plan a dinner party with a birthday cake and all the trimmings. Miss Sothorn just loves parties!"

And, indeed, everyone in Hollywood has heard of the gay evenings at Ann's house. Never more than twelve for dinner—a congenial group, gathering around the grand piano while someone plays—doing a jitterbug step with Ann that is wildly exciting—playing games—any kind of a game—these are the evenings Ann loves best.

"They're always asking her," Marie tells you, "but Miss Sothorn will never play or sing at her own parties. And she's very talented, too, along that line." There was

a distinct note of pride in Marie's as she finished.

When Ann is working on a picture, Marie goes directly from her own home to the studio, arriving there along about 10:30. By the time Ann walks into her dressing room, Marie has provided the usual breakfast of orange juice and coffee, along with all her makeup things and other equipment necessary to start her day.

"Miss Sothorn always puts on her own makeup," Marie went on, "so I have to prepare her special powder and lipstick. She likes two different shades of lipstick mixed together for pictures, so I keep a supply on hand at all times. She likes me to help her with her clothes, although there are always girls from the wardrobe department to do that. I guess she's sort of used to my being around. I can tell her how she looks. She always wants to know what I think of her clothes."

"I do quite a bit of shopping for her. Little things, you know, like gloves, stockings and girdles. When she needs dresses, we always have those sent out of the house from the various stores. It's a lot of bother. They just send a girl right along with the clothes and Ann Sothorn makes her selections right at home."

The easiest way of doing everything is that's for Ann. She doesn't like to walk for one thing. And she doesn't like to get into her car. Robert, the chauffeur, takes care of that.

Ann tells an amusing story on Marie's connection. "Marie decided she wanted to learn to drive," she related, "so I thought I'd teach her. I thought she was doing pretty well, so I turned the wheel over to her. We practically lost



in a tree!" Ann grimaced. "And it was new car, too. Needless to say, Robert does all the driving for the family!" As with her clothes, Ann turns to Marie for honest criticism or praise as far as her work is concerned. It is Marie who goes with Ann to see the "test rushes" that are made before each picture is started. Between them, they decide whether or not the setup looks right—that the clothes are properly fitted and have the most flattering lines. They never see the daily rushes during the filming of the pictures, as many of them do. "It makes me too nervous," Ann laments.

It's the same way with her previews. All the king's horses couldn't drag Ann out to see one of her pictures at a preview showing. But her friends do. And what's more, Ann pesters them to death until she has waded through every foot of film for their benefit, via the telephone, the minute the preview is over.

Miss Ann gets offended if I don't go to all her pictures," Marie confides. "I don't always get a chance to go to the preview, but I catch them when they come to the big theater downtown or at my neighborhood house, though. I wouldn't be not to! I believe I like the 'Maizie' pictures about the best," Marie went on. "She's so real. You know, she's very much like Miss Ann herself—so natural-like and friendly."

When she isn't working, Ann spends a great deal of time in her garden, of which she is very proud. Then there's her knitting. "My land," Marie said, shaking her head. "I don't know how many sweaters Miss Sothern has made. Why, she's knitted for every one of her friends—and her family besides. And she always has one going for the Red Cross, too."

Ann is an avid reader, Marie will tell you. "I don't know how she finds the time," she says, "but she reads every one of those Book-of-the-Month books. And she reads from the library besides."

Aside from her gardening and knitting, there's not a domestic bone in Ann's body. She loathes the very thought of domesticity. However, when it comes to cooking, she knows how everything should be prepared and Osee (who has been cooking for her for ten years) is delegated to carry out her wishes. Especially about keeping the ice-box well stocked—just in case she should elude the watchful Marie long enough to get into it!

"Miss Sothern is crazy about music, too," Marie continued. "We always have music on the set when she's working. Depends on what kind of a mood she's in as to what is played. Sometimes she likes classical music and other times she's very gay and wants nothing but swing."

We've heard about those moods of Ann's. When she's "up," she's bubbling over. But when she's low, it takes a bit of doing to get her out of it. That's Marie's self-appointed job.

"I never start talking unless I know Miss Sothern is ready to talk," she admits. "You see, I've known her so long I can tell when she feels good. Some days she'll be so happy she'll chatter all day long, telling funny stories and joking with the people on the set. Other days, when I know she's upset about something, I keep very quiet until she tells me what it is. Then I try to reason her out of it."

You just never know what Ann is going to think of next, Marie will tell you. Just before she started "Panama Hattie," Ann decided she would acquire a lovely sun tan. She wouldn't have to bother with make-up. Marie accordingly called a shop and had them send over a sun-tan lamp. There the experiment ended. To this day, the lamp has not been used and Ann's skin remains white and creamy as ever. The

closest she ever came to carrying out her plan (without benefit of the sun lamp, which remained in the closet) was along about six in the afternoon one day when she was entertaining a guest.

"But why no stockings?" her guest wanted to know, as they strolled about the garden to see if the bugs had gotten into Ann's favorite camellias.

"Why, honey," Ann said patiently, "I TOLD you I was going to get a good tan this summer. And you can't get tan with your stockings on!"

The friend pointed to the heavens, where the sun had long since disappeared. Ann was completely bewildered and glared at the sky as though it had been most inconsiderate in getting dark just when she'd gotten around to needing the sun!

One thing that Marie can't make Ann do is dress up around the house. The dozens of beautiful negligees and house coats in the closet just go on hanging there. And Ann will climb contentedly into an ancient pongee robe that she's clung to for years and be perfectly happy. However, Ann did put on some of her prettiest hostess gowns and house coats when she posed for the pictures to illustrate this story.

Shoes, too, she hates. The minute she walks into the house, she kicks them off and pops into a comfortable pair of mules. It's the same way on the set. One of Marie's most important duties is to be sure Ann's mules are laid out in a handy place so she can slip into them between scenes.

"Miss Sothern just loves perfume," Marie tells you. "She has a special odor for morning and one for afternoon. The crews on her pictures all know this and they'll ask her which kind it is she has on. She's generous with her perfume, too. She's given away many bottles to her friends and doesn't mind a bit their having her special blend."

"And bath oil, too. She's crazy about that. She hates showers and always prefers a good hot tub, with plenty of bath oil and dusting powder afterwards."

Ann has another little idiosyncrasy. She gets all dressed, even to her hat, before

she puts her dress on. For that reason, she likes dresses she can step into. She loathes the feeling, anyway, of putting things over her head. So when the shops send out a batch of clothes, they're always particular to send the "step-in" variety.

"I don't see how she can eat it," Marie continued, "but Miss Sothern likes the rarest meat I've ever seen. Why, it hardly looks even cooked, the way she wants it. Steak and lamb chops are her favorites. I have an awful time making her eat vegetables. She just doesn't like them. And Osee will keep chocolate cake around the house. There's where I have my real trouble. Because Miss Sothern adores chocolate cake more than anything in the world!"

Marie always accompanies Ann on her trips to New York and occasionally about the country.

"Miss Sothern is a great one to put things off," she complains. "I have to worry her to death to get her to attend to things ahead of time. She's never in a hurry, you know, and hates to be rushed at any time. If I didn't keep right after her, when we're leaving on a trip, she'd never be ready to leave."

"I take her breakfast to her, even on the train," Marie chuckled. "Miss Sothern certainly does like to have her breakfast in bed. When she wakes up on the train she rings for the porter and then the porter calls me, and I take in her tray, just like I do at home. It's a good thing I do, too, because goodness only knows what would be on that tray if she ordered it herself!"

Just then Ann called and Marie had to leave. She was doing a difficult scene and wanted Marie to see if it looked all right. Ann depends on Marie even for that.

"When Marie tells you you're all right, you know you must be," Ann told me. "She's not inclined to be over-enthusiastic and you can always count on her to tell you the honest truth. Which is darned important in this business."

Yes, sir, Marie is certainly Ann's right hand man. And a mighty good one, too, if you ask me!



Ann Sothern achieves an interesting and unusual mantle effect in the living room of her Beverly Hills home by the use of "Chinese immortals" and other picturesque figurines.



# Gentle Lady

Continued from page 34

to anybody. Nobody said a word to her. This was her studio—this was her crew—this was her picture. She did her first scene as naturally as if she were taking up where she left off when she went to get a drink of water. She finished the scene and went back to her trailer-dressing room in the back of the set. My nose was in the air and I was ready to take my place with those who had predicted my five-week future.

"What's the matter?" I asked Claude Binyon, the writer. "Ever see anybody like that? Doesn't say boo!" Binyon, whom I regard as a man of clear perception, gave me a disgusted shove. "Take it easy, sister," he said, "she's nervous, too." Could be.

The picture progressed for a week or so and I agreed with the rest of her fans that here was a real true artist. She was as quiet as that first day and I marveled that a star like that would cause so little stir. I said to Binyon again: "But what's the matter with her? She's SO quiet!" He replied, "She's just minding her own business, is all." Could be.

One day we had a breakfast scene. The menu was goody and replete with fancy doo-daddles. My appetite has ceased to be of startling revelation to those who know me, so the prop boys fed me regularly after each take. There was, finally, a gentle tap on my shoulder and then: "Don't you EVER give that stomach of yours a rest?" Miss Jean Arthur was asking me that. It might have been my sister—so plainly had she spoken.

Ruggles, Binyon, Miss Arthur and I had been sitting together going over lines when the first two took themselves out to look at another set. The lady didn't leave me in the lurch; she smiled and asked me how I liked it here. I replied that I did like it and that I thought the crew was just right. She said with much pride: "Oh, they're MY boys! They've done every picture with me." Yes, Miss Arthur, they are your boys. There is no mistaking that. And that first day when you stood before the camera you didn't so much as look up at any of them because you were nervous, but the air was potent with their admiration of you.

More folks have asked me concerning this girl than about any other star with whom I've ever worked. I have answered to that portion of her fans as it was my good fortune to meet. And now I'm telling the rest.

She is more natural than almost anyone you'll ever see. It was a source of wonder to me at first that here was such a brilliant star with no air of an actress about her. You sort of expect a star to be a little airy and to act a little when she's not supposed to—and then you forgive her because you figure it adds up to glamor.

Don't let anyone try to convince you that because this girl runs away from autograph seekers and because she gets panicky when people talk to her that she resents them. She is mindful of the fact that she is a star. She has appreciation for the efforts of the ones who go to see her pictures. She is very shy, and she still cannot understand that because she is a star she should be of more importance or interest than the next fellow. While others of us find it an easy matter to say something of sentimental value, I've often heard her say: "I know what I want to say—but I just can't get it out!"

Her generosity is very big; but that is her own personal business and she hasn't an idea that I know anything about that and she wouldn't like for me to chant about it.

I've never known anyone who was so overwhelmingly grateful for the kindness shown her. I had occasion to do something for her. It had been done for others. The reception it received from the lady carried such a profound expression it almost made me cry.

It's the little things folks do and the little things you can laugh about many times afterwards that are affectionate mementos. For instance, the story of Pat always made me feel that it was something to write home about.

Pat wandered into Jean's home when she was vacationing up north, and had he car-



Jinx Falkenburg, star of "Sweetheart of the Fleet," sent hearts palpitating faster at Columbia University's Open Air Carnival, in a "Lips for Liberty—Kiss the Axis Goodbye" drive stunt. Student David St. John is buying and buying from Jinx, the wise fellow!

ried a suit-case, of course they'd have known his intentions. He adopted Jean on sight and when it came time to leave she tore herself away from him and left him at the local police station until his people should discover his absence. But Pat had no people. And when the authorities notified Jean that they'd probably have to do something about the way he howled, she sent her father to fetch him home. Pat is a mongrel. Even before fancy pedigrees and fancy pets were so prominently exhibited in Hollywood, Pat would have made you take a second look. But Pat associates with the finest and is seen in the very best places. His lady takes him about with her wherever she goes.

As you know her, it is very clear that looks would never play a dominating part with this girl, when she had reason to understand a heart. We were in the desert making "Arizona." It was boiling and all of us barked about the weather. Jean said, "I'm having a WONDERFUL time!" One day I wanted to go riding, but because I

was always falling into things they warned me never to go out alone. The boys were all working and Jean said, "Come on—I'll go with you." So we set out. With horses neither of us had seen before. We went on dirt that had no trail except the trail we made as we went that trail—if you follow me. The weather was cloudy for shooting so we knew we didn't have to hurry back. And by the time we decided to turn back we were lost in direction. Jean rode first. After a while I called, "Jean, do you know where we're going?" She giggled that inimitable crackling giggle: "NOooooo . . ." Her thoughts were filled with rattlesnakes, sunstroke and starvation—and in the middle of the desert she had to giggle! We went on some more and then two breathless assistant directors overtook us. "That's pretty smart," I told them. "She knows where we were going all the time!" Jean giggled again: "I'M smart! You don't know! HORSE was smart!"

There is a gentleness about this girl that I have often tried to describe. It has the quality of genuine beauty. Most of us have it's our ordinary duty to discuss the phases of other people's affairs. I never known this girl to talk about herself, nor want to know anything that might concern her immediate concern.

A sense of humor that is quick to trigger—we tried to get a rise out of her one day. She brought a big box of cookies to the set and laid it on somebody's desk when she did a scene. She planned to take it around. But it vanished miraculously fast and we replaced it with a nickel chocolate bar, and set the box back in her room. She had a twinkle in her eye, when, as she came out of the room, she opened the box and said, "Oh, I LOVE presents!" she sat in the box while she ate the "present."

She always had a tray of tea and cookies. There was no ceremony so she took it out. She simply announced, "Here it is and I'm not pouring."

You'd never know she was quiet if you stumbled in on one of her merry scenes. She was doing a part with Melvyn Douglas and the expression on his face was something to rave over. Jean herself laughed outright during several rehearsals. The crew had long since given up trying to control themselves. Suddenly, as we were about to shoot, Jean had another laugh fit and she wailed, "Oh, wouldn't it be AWFUL if the audience didn't think we were as funny as we do!" She brought the house down again.

Effortless always in her understating and doing of her work, one day she came down and said, "I can't do the scene called for her to wave a fire poker in the air, and try to stop a fight between the actors as they whirled past her. 'It's enough,' the director told her. 'I'll do that, but I'm liable to hit them or them, or—'" The actors quieted her and said they would take a chance. But Jean was a very nervous girl by the time the take was finished.

There would have to be an understating between this girl and the ones who are her intimate friends. It would have to be an understanding built on the things that are not generally talked about—devotion and sincerity and loyalty. Such is the understanding with her "boys." She probably has never thrown her arms around any of them, but brother, they belong to her. Her hairdresser, wardrobe girl, make-up man and maid think she's pretty fine, honey, they know, too!

And so, I could go on, because it's so easy to tell about the people we like best.

As the man said, the lady minds her own business. She won't be happy to have this in print. But I just wanted you to know a little about this very gentle



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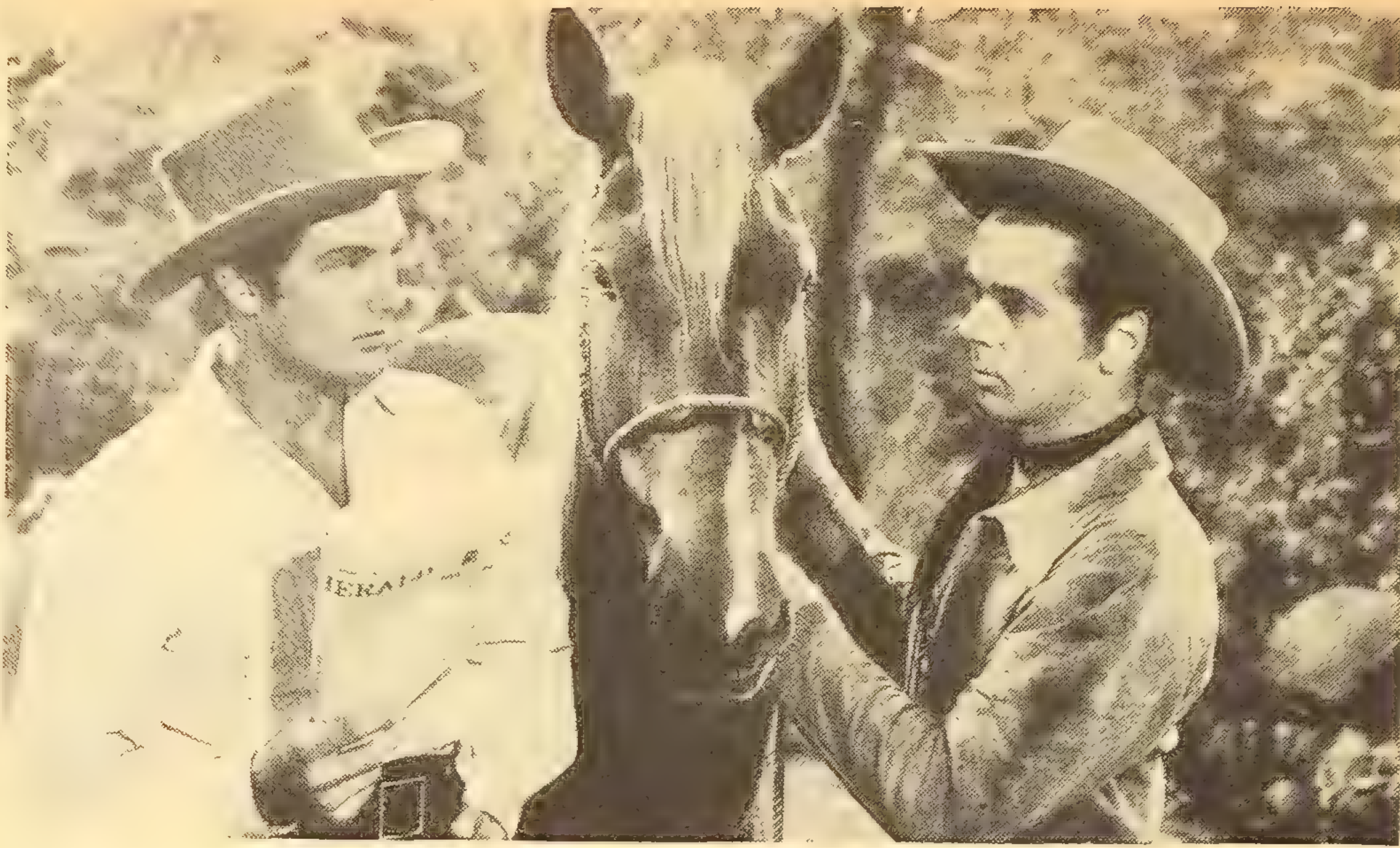
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Robert Stack and Jackie Cooper play two of the principal rôles in "Deep in the Heart of Texas," historical Western about the period immediately following the Civil War when Texas welcomed back her soldiers. The all-star cast also has Ralph Bellamy, Brod Crawford.

## Advice to 19-Year-Olds from Jackie Cooper

Continued from page 33

there's nothing on the skinny things to eat. My dog, Champ, a schnauzer, is my pal and always sleeps on the foot of my bed. My car has all the gadgets on it. I go to the movies three or four time a week, like a good pipe, showers, and wouldn't miss Jack Benny, Bob Hope, or Charlie McCarthy on the radio for anything.

"Now, I'll bet," said Jackie, apologetically, "that you could talk to a couple of thousand fellows, anywhere in the country, and they'd give you the same stuff, word for word. Except, perhaps, about the spinach. And then there's the fact that, because of working in the movies, I have more things than the average boy of my age. But that doesn't make me any different, really. Things don't affect your mind or change your heart any, I guess." (Oh, but they do, Jackie, I thought, they do unless your mind is very steady and your heart square in the right place!)

It was while Jackie was talking that I felt I had got the answer to a long unsolved riddle: we often wonder why "infant prodigies," small tikes of girls and tikes of boys, flash upon the theatrical or musical or literary scene for a season or two, flare brightly, then fade away to be heard of nevermore. Strange little growths, they seem to wither, all prematurely, on the laurel vine. Watching Jackie, his honest, straightforward eyes, easy natural good manners, *nice* good manners, not the posturings and didoes of the professional youngster, listening to his interest in "a number of things," it struck me that most of these prodigies "die" young just because they *are* strange, because their one talent, one facet of their personality is pushed and forced and emphasized until it becomes twisted and warped and finally maims their growth as whole individuals. They are like the Monterey cypress, misshapen, bent in one direction. Whereas Jackie, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Virginia Weidler, Freddie Bartholomew and others who were "child prodigies" in Hollywood a few years ago are not strange at all but normal and "usual." It is because they have been allowed to grow up as and with the kids next door that they are bridging the gap

between childhood and adolescence naturally and successfully, are taking it in stride, have healthy minds in healthy bodies, are going on and will continue to go on, hitting on all cylinders.

I told Jackie what I was thinking. His nice, gay gray eyes lit up, responsively. I thought of a description I had read recently of a man with "uncaring eyes." Jackie's are caring eyes. You can tell. They care about friendship and decency and hard work and loyalty and ambition and all the stable, enduring things.

He said, at once, "It is so. And it's because of—our mothers. I had a pretty good mother, you know. It's the most important thing in the world to have the right mother. Because a right mother gives you a right life as a kid. And I think that if you have a right life when you're a kid, you'll do okay when you're a man or a woman. I mean, you'll *be* okay. I know that if I don't know how to behave myself now, but—" said Jackie gravely, "I think I do—it's thanks to Mom."

And then I thought how much Mabel, his mother, would like to hear his voice as he said, "Thanks to Mom." And how happy she would be if she could know, and perhaps she does, in how sane and sensible and manly a fashion Jackie is conducting his life now that he is on his own, and alone.

She did know how capable he is before she passed away because, during the long, long months of her illness Jackie, as he said, "ran the house." Ran it efficiently, economically and smoothly. She knew his deep love for her, too, and his all-out sacrifice. He proved them by his devotion to her, the hours he spent at her bedside, the little gifts he brought her, unfailingly, every day to the very last day. Above all, to the blessed fact that not once did he cause her a moment's worry. (A "usual" Nineteen? Well, maybe.) It was his Uncle Norman Taurog who told me what he said to Jackie when it fell upon him to tell Jackie the doctor's tragic diagnosis. "Everyone has grief, Jackie," he said, "at times like these. But most of us have grief and regret. You will be fortunate in that you will have only grief for *you can have*

*no regrets.* No mother ever had a better son."

When she was gone, Jackie sold the rambling, story-and-a-half French Normandie house in which they had lived. "Too big a place," he said, "for a fellow my age." He rented a furnished apartment in the Sunset Towers here in Hollywood. "I put in my Capehart," he told me, "and a cabinet for my records. I have a couple of floral prints that belonged to Mother on the walls, some portraits and some books. When I have a few people in for dinner, Bonita, Mary Healy and Pete Lynd Hayes and some others, I have some one come in to cook and serve. I get along fine. The only thing about the apartment I hate to be alone, always have. But I have my couple of thousand records and can sit and play them and I am *NO* alone."

"I'm not really on my own yet, though not actually. Not legally, that is, and won't be until I am twenty-one. I have two guardians, my Uncle Norman and my lawyer. I have dinner with Uncle Norman at his house once or twice a week and talk to him on the phone every day. If I have any problem, I always take it to him. He's been wonderful to me. Then the Business Administration handles all my money. They get my checks and just give me an allowance. But we always talk everything over, I sign all the checks and know what's done with every cent of it, as they know what I do with every cent I get. They don't have much trouble with me," Jackie grinned. "I've never been terribly extravagant. I have a lot of faults, gosh, what a lot, bite my nails, can't remember names but I was taught the value of a dollar and taught it well. But taught, too, never to be cheap. The way I'm not extravagant I don't buy a *lot* of anything" (except records) but when I do get something, it's good. A very good suit. A very good pair of shoes. Mom always said that when you buy something cheap it *is* cheap. I've done my own shopping since I was fifteen. Mom gave me the right steer—she had an awful lot of taste, she was a decorator, you know—then put me on my own."

"But, let's see, what was I saying? Oh, well, the average boy, you know, when he has problems or makes mistakes, why, the last person he wants to know about them is his mother. It was never that way with me. I told Mom everything, wanted her to know everything about me. She made me want to. Some people may say that she spoiled me, I guess some people do say that. But I don't feel that she did. She loved me an awful lot, but that's different, don't you think?"

I said, not without a lump in my throat that I did.

"The thing is, I wasn't spoiled with a life of fluff just because I happened to be in the movies. Mom never took me to the Players or the places where professional people go. I never went to a professional school. I didn't have to go to premiere, not even my own, if I didn't want to. I played with the neighborhood kids. If a kid's parents were on relief and he was a good kid and I liked him, he was a welcome at our house as the son of Mister Got-Rocks would ever be. My mother never chose my friends for me as, later, she never chose my girls for me. If I got a black eye or a bloody nose Mom didn't make any more of it than any mother makes of a boy's minor accidents. She never made me pipe down playing cops 'n' robbers or football or climbing trees or riding a bike, never told me to be careful of my face." (I recalled Shirley's hoodlum games of cops 'n' robbers, too, Jane Withers going acrobatic on the roof of her house, Freddie Bartholomew racketing down the road in his hand-made scooter . . . the rich



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eritage of their normal childhoods accounts for them today, I am sure.) "What I mean is, she never made me conscious of being anything other than any other kid of my age. Just because I was in the movies, I wasn't out of this world. So, if I'm not lop-sided now, I sure have my mother to thank for it."

He sure has. I thought of the days when Jackie was playing in "The Champ" with Wally Beery, the little-boy Jackie, and how often I had dinner with him and with Mabel. I remembered the warmth of affection between the pretty, dark young woman and the fair, husky little boy. But the wholesome discipline, too. "Eight o'clock, Jackie, bed-time." "Aw, Mom, do I *haveter*?" "Yes, Jackie." "Well, gee, okay, Mom." No pampered child prodigy here. No mincing moppet with "stage" manners. The child-star Jackie was always, first and last, the little-boy Jackie.

I remember visiting them one afternoon and Mabel taking me to the workshop she'd built in the back-yard where Jackie kept his tools and his model airplanes, his BB guns and football gear and other gadgets. The Life and Times of Every Little Boy, that's the world Mabel built around Jackie so that he might grow normally, healthily and happily, a human being with dimensions. I remembered when Jackie had his first car. "But aren't you afraid to let him drive it, Mabel?" "A little," she said, "but all the boys are beginning to drive and Jackie can't be different."

"I've got so much to thank her for," Jackie was saying, earnestly, and looking as he talked, I knew, so much the man Mabel meant him to be. "She never called me down in front of people," he said, "gee, I am grateful to her for that. When I see some woman yelling at her kid in front of other people and how the kid's pride

sort of whimpers and slinks or, worse, turns and snarls, it makes me feel sort of sick. She never laid a hand on me. She would say that she didn't know much about child psychology and all that. I say that mothers, real ones, don't need text-books. They get what they need to know out of—well, out of their hearts. Mom's only psychology was in talking to me. And that was enough. When she talked to me, she

made me feel either proud of myself or good and ashamed of myself, whichever I had coming. Thing is, she let me talk, too. Thing is, she made me *understand* right and wrong, what's the decent thing to do, and why; and what isn't, and why. She sort of tied things together for me so they made sense.

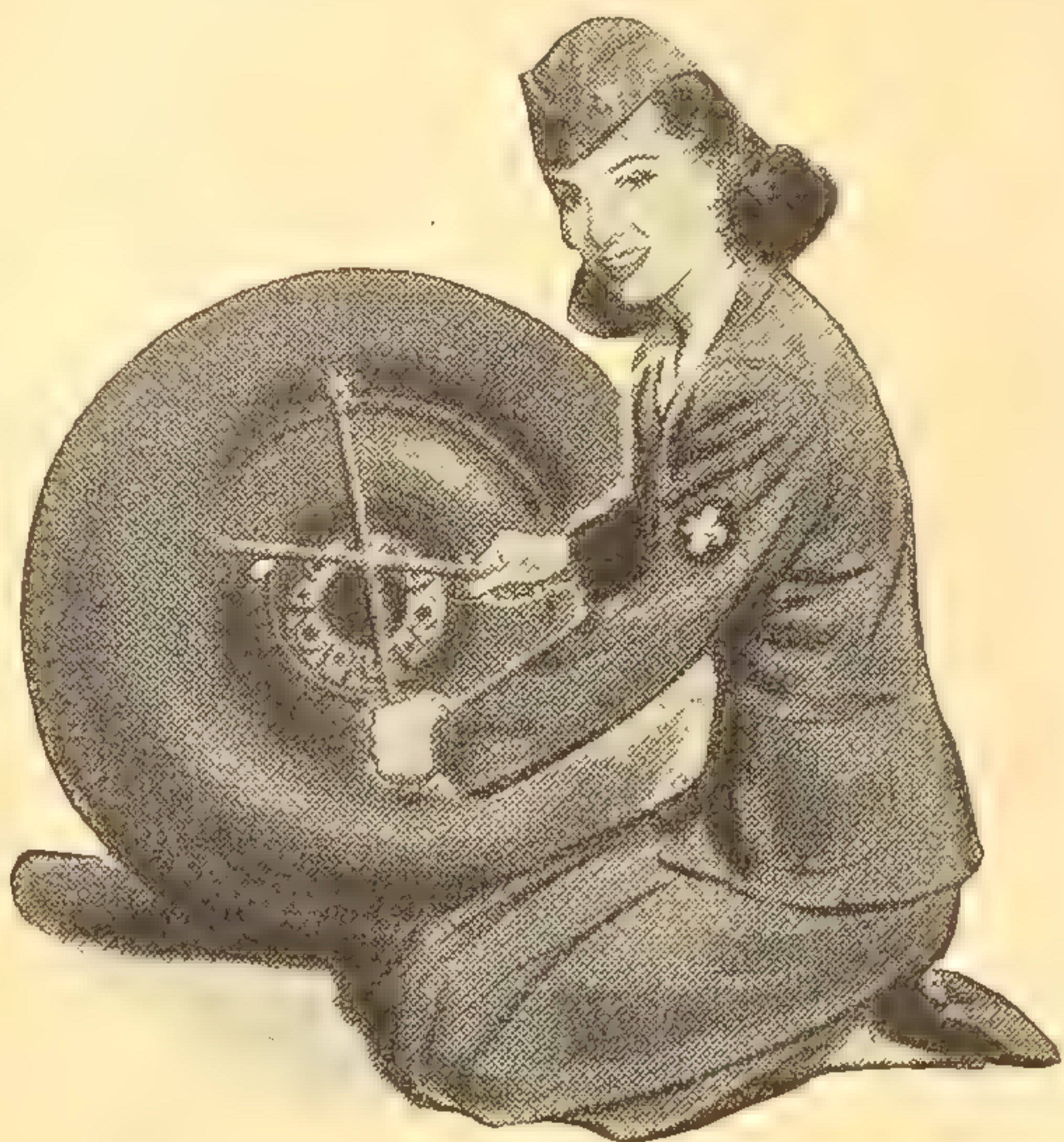
"I have to tell you all this, you see, so you will understand why I *am*," he grinned, "usual, at nineteen. And healthy. And



This scene from "The Pied Piper," Nevil Shute's story about the children who were moved out of France before the Nazi invasion, shows Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowal, and a child player. The fictionization of this important new motion picture will appear in a future issue.

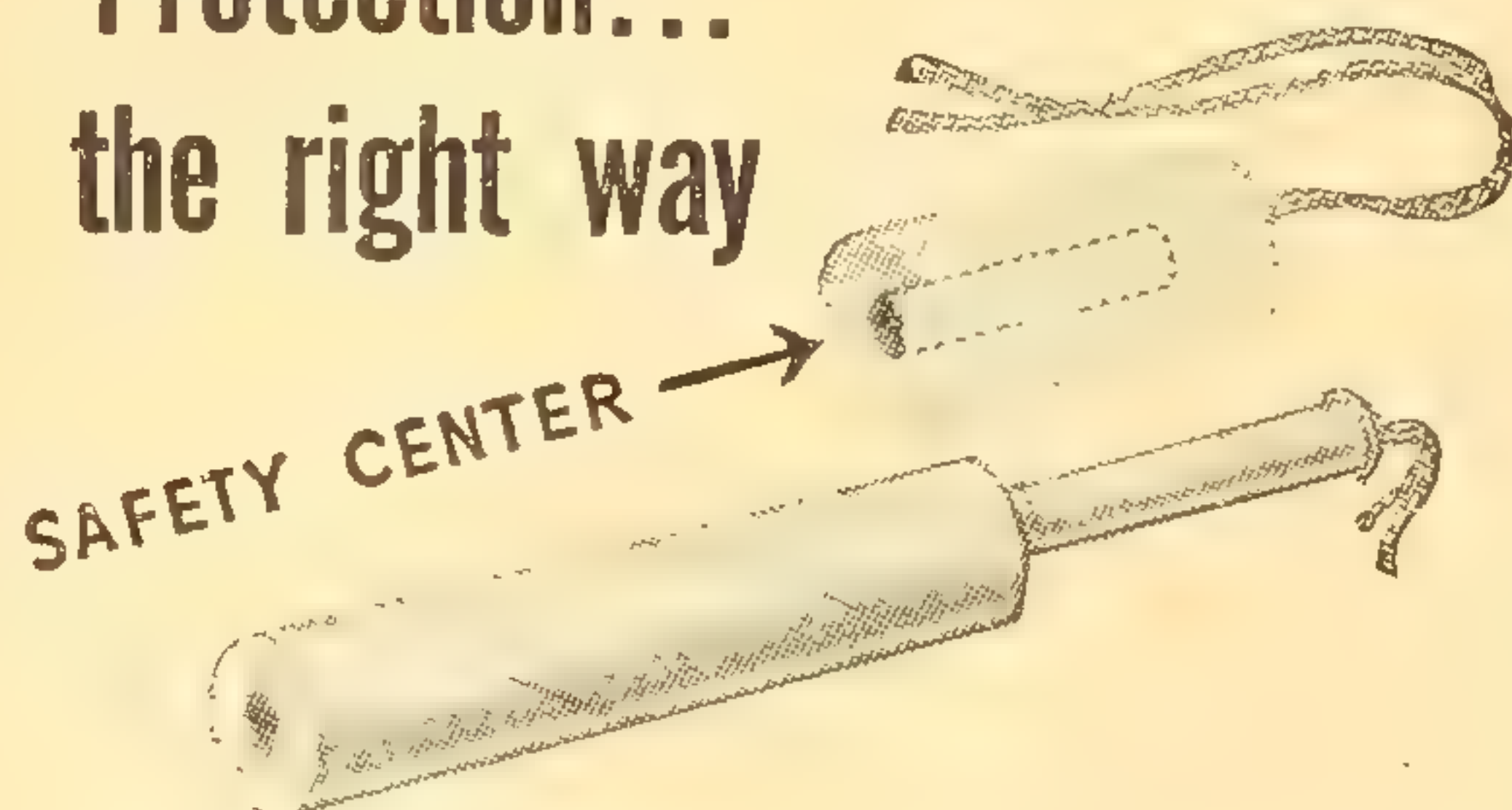


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happy. I've never talked about my mother before, for publication. Not since she went away, that is. There were some stories written about us, her and me, but I haven't talked before. I have to now because I can't explain myself at all unless I tell how it was with us. For it's thanks to Mom that I never found any pain in adolescence. I never had any of those 'growing pains,' never did. I enjoyed all my 'ages,' Jackie laughed, "I enjoyed being a little kid and doing little kid things. I enjoyed my High School. I got in all the scrapes every kid does and got all the hell for it, too. But I never had any of the queer quirks and qualms you hear other kids talk about, or read about in books.

"Oh, I tried to act sophisticated now and then, of course. But Mom straightened me out there, too. 'The more sophisticated you act,' she said, 'the sillier you look.' As the one thing in this world I *didn't* want to look was 'silly' I cut out the shenanigans—but quick. I was fortunate enough never to get a crush on anyone so much older than myself that it made me feel too young or awkward, either. You might chalk that up for me as a bit unusual," Jackie said, laughing, "that I have never—yet—been in love with an Older Woman!

"I never tried aping older men, either. I guess I was with older people so much, being an only child and then, in the studio, that I sort of took adults for granted. Besides, I certainly wouldn't copy anyone in a picture—when they are paying me for being myself. And other places I went, well, they knew me too well, they'd have seen through me in a minute.

"So, as I said, I enjoyed all my 'ages,' didn't have any of the moping and mewling that is supposed to go with the transition from childhood to adolescence. I knew what was happening to me, all along the line. Mom told me.

"I never worried about my 'career,' either, not even when my voice changed and in scenes where I was supposed to roar like a lion I'd mew like a cat or something. Here, again, I have my mother to thank for the fact that I didn't do any of the 'agonizing' some youngsters go through when they begin to grow up, aren't 'cute' any more and, especially if they have been professional youngsters, wonder what the blues is going to become of them.

"Like when I was thirteen—it was then that M-G-M suggested I lay off until I was twenty-one. Adolescence, they said, was repulsive. (And look who became their biggest money-maker!) Or, they said, I could stick around and do bits, small parts, until I grew up. Mom felt that might hurt my pride after playing the parts I'd had. So she pulled me out of pictures and put me in High School. Beverly Hills High School. I was there for eleven months. I liked it fine. The only thing that drove me crazy was not working. I wanted to get a job in a gas station just to be doing something. After three o'clock, I tell you, life became very monotonous. Then, a little independent studio wanted me to make a picture. I wanted to so much, it was such an agreeable deal all around, that Mom agreed to it and on the strength of that I got 'That Certain Age' and have worked steadily ever since.

"No, I never had the feeling that I might not work again, that I might be 'through.' How can anyone be through when there are so many things to be done? Besides, I had enough confidence in myself, had read enough books to know there were things I could do on the screen, even at my age.

"Of course," Jackie explained, "I haven't bridged the gap to the fullest extent, as yet. Parts are not as numerous for me now as they were when I was eight and

ten or as they will be, maybe, two or three years from now. But in the meantime, I've got my music—I learned it all myself, you know, a little proud of that—and, I don't mind telling you, I'm doing a bit of writing with a friend of mine. For the last six years I've got little bands together, made recordings of our own music, played them for the heck of it. I sure enjoy music to the fullest extent.

"Besides, on September 15th, I'll be twenty years old. Then I can register. And I see no reason why they wouldn't take me. I'm healthy. I'd like to get in this fight. It's a pretty good fight, the fight for decency.

"But later, after the war, I hope to be able to do a little bit of everything on the screen, play a wide field. I don't think anyone likes being typed. Spencer Tracy is my favorite actor, and always has been. He looks good as a priest, as a sailor, as an adventurer, a newspaper man—he looks pretty good making love, too! That's the kind of actor I hope to be one of these days, with all kinds of men in my repertoire.

"But in the meantime," Jackie grinned, his nice, open grin, "I'll continue with my growing, still without those 'pains.' Marriage now? No, no, *definitely* no. How could I think of marriage now, anyway? Of settling down with the whole world so frantically unsettled? Bonita and I are still dating, yes. I may be the type," Jackie said, slowly, "I may be the type that one hit, stays hit. I am certainly not what you might call susceptible. Bunny has been the only girl for me, ever, seriously. But I don't like to be too serious now. This is not the time for it. Right here, though, I would like to say that all the talk in the newspaper columns about the 'big quarrel' we're supposed to have had makes me so mad I see bright red. It isn't true, in the first place. It is very bad taste, in the second place. Look, when I'm away, on personal appearance tours, as I have been, or when I'm in the Service, as I hope to be, I don't believe at all that she should be taken for dinner now and then, and here and there. Or at any other time, if she wishes. After all, we are NOT engaged. If I go to New York and happen to know a girl there, why, I'd date her. Why not? I feel that dates with two or three girls a dozen times over, wouldn't make any change in me. If it should, if a few dates can change us, then we haven't got the kind of thing that either of us wants."

Jackie was silent for a moment. He lit my cigaret for me, one for himself. Then he added, "Because I want something pretty good out of life. Not easy, you know, good. I want to give something pretty good to it, too. Mom put that idea in my head. And it's going to stick there."

Well, what do you say, boys, girl mothers, fathers, what do you think—he "usual" or do you agree with me?





# Hollywood War Wife Speaks!

Continued from page 29

"I lump these days, and Brenda is a three-cups-to-a-cup-of-coffee girl. "Ever since the known Bill he has been going away on missions," she continued. "I've begun to think that maybe he's allergic to studios. Most actors make all their pictures quietly and comfortably on a sound stage, with steam heating in the winter and air conditioning in the summer. But not Bill. His pictures always have to be made in the great open spaces, miles away from home, in Texas and Arizona and Nevada. Every time the studio used to send him over a new script I'd say, 'Well, where to now?' So I just like to think that Bill has gone on to another location. That his new script called Camp Monmouth. That he'll only be gone for six weeks, depending of course on the weather conditions. When six weeks pass and he doesn't come home I'll say to myself, 'Wouldn't you know that Bill would get into a lot of fog? It'll probably take more weeks to finish that location.' I know. I'm silly to kid myself along like that. But believe me, it helps."

When Bill married Brenda in Las Vegas, Nevada, in July of last summer, he said, "Honey, we'll have a good life together." And it certainly looked as if "And so they were married and lived happily ever after" could score again. Those two kids had everything on their side. They were young and healthy and good-looking. They were in love. They were both popular young movie stars, with all the marvelous glamour that is attached to that profession. With their salaries they didn't have to worry about doctor bills, mortgages and relatives. As soon as we can arrange schedules with our studios," Bill said, "I'll take you on a honeymoon to end all honeymoons. Something we can reminisce about when we're celebrating our Golden Wedding. How about Honolulu?"

But the kids never had that honeymoon. Before they could get time away from the studios the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. And Bill, like thousands of other boys from Maine to California, was drafted. Everything happened so fast. Before she realized the dreaded day had come, and Brenda found herself on a crowded platform waving a final farewell to Bill. With a lump in her throat as big as an ostrich egg.

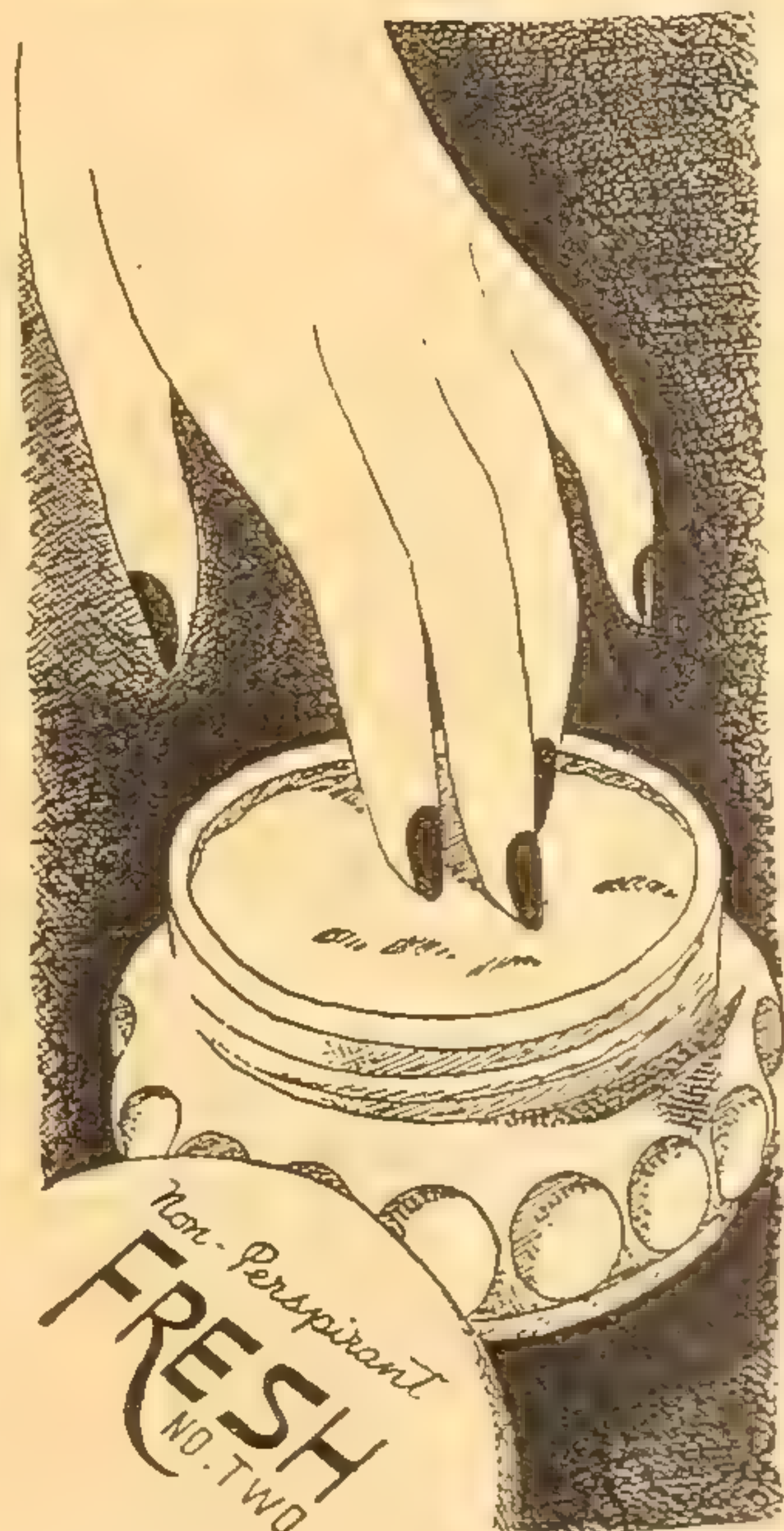
"I had lunch with Brenda a few weeks after Bill had left for Camp Monmouth in New Jersey. Brenda had just come from the dentist's. "No one hates going to the dentist more than I do," she said. "I keep putting it off. And now I've got six cavities. But even now I probably wouldn't go except—" Brenda broke off with an embarrassed laugh. "Well, I guess it is sort of funny. The night Bill left, his train was supposed to leave from Union Station at night. We had about fifteen minutes to spare, so we just stood on the platform in a daze. I knew that these would be my last minutes with Bill for a long, long time, and there were so many things I wanted to tell him. I wanted to tell him how very dear he was to me, how terribly proud I was of him, how sorry I was that I had ever teased him, or criticized him in any way, how lonely I'd be without him. I wanted to tell him that I would pray for him every night. I wanted to tell him he was the most wonderful man in the world. All these things, and more, I wanted to say to him on that crowded platform. But what do you think I said? I said, 'Bill, you look horrible.' And he did, really, but I loved him all the more for it. His uniform was

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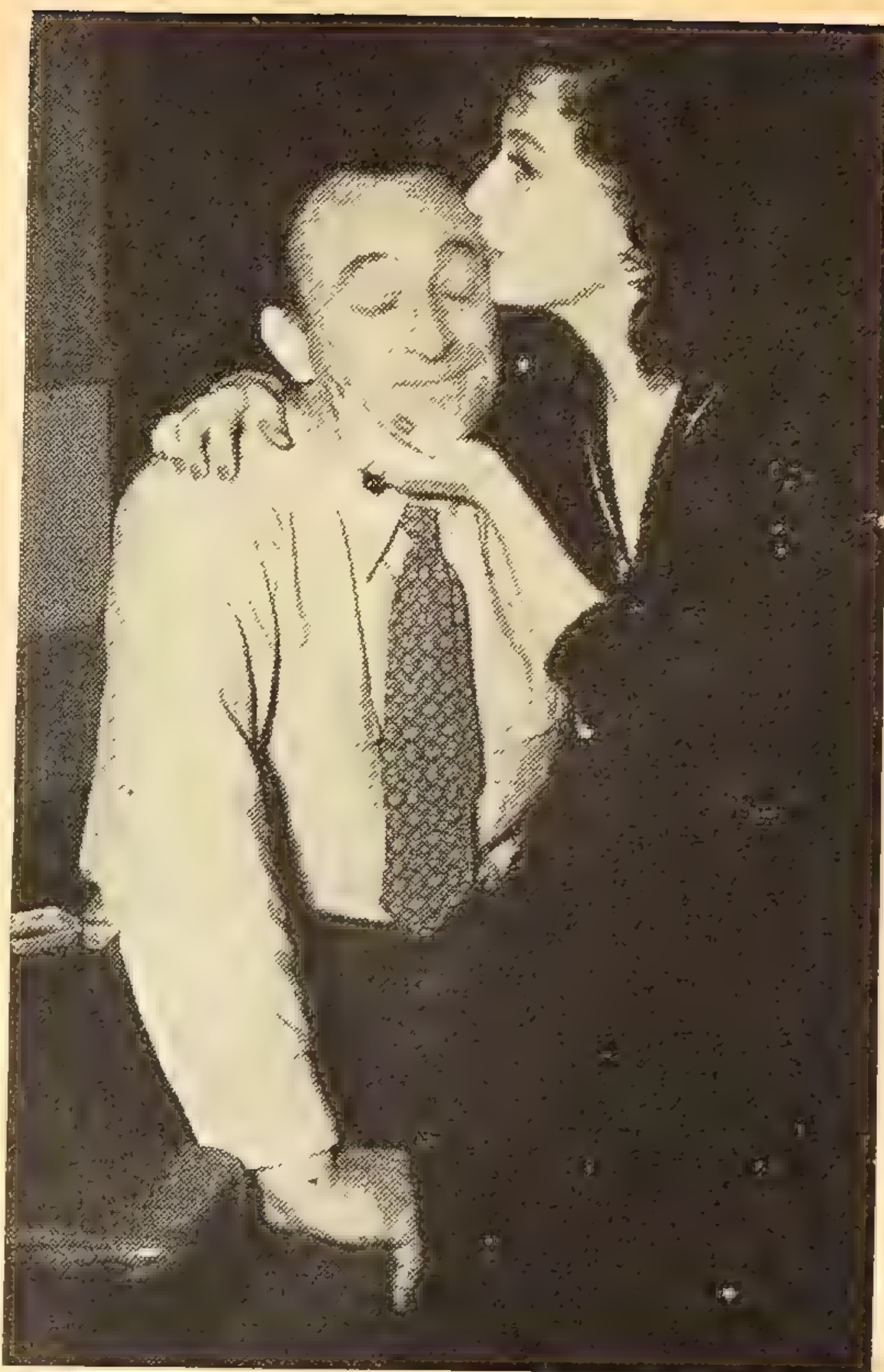
size 37, when it should have been size 39, and his hair was cut so short he looked like a convict. Then the conductor called 'All Aboard,' and Bill gave me a hasty peck on the cheek, just as if I were his great aunt Caroline. When I saw him get on that train my heart dropped right down to the bottom of my stomach. I won't cry, I won't cry, I kept saying to myself. It's only another location. He'll be back soon. As the train started moving off, Bill who had been awfully silent up till then, started shouting something to me. I couldn't hear above the noise so, frantically, I ran along side of the train to the end of the platform. Finally I heard him. Bill was shouting, 'Don't forget to go to the dentist!' The lug! He might have said he loved me."

So Brenda went to the dentist. Guys like Bill can pack more emotion and love into a "Don't forget to go to the dentist" than glib young men can into a Shakespearean sonnet. And smart wives like Brenda know it.

The day that Bill Holden was inducted into Uncle Sam's Army as a private, Brenda got up at the crack of dawn to drive him down to Los Angeles. It was pouring down rain, and things just couldn't have been gloomier. But she'd see Bill over the weekend, she had that consolation. She wanted to drive him all the way to Fort MacArthur at San Pedro, but Bill thought it would be better to go down with the boys on the street car. Brenda drove home through the rain, feeling very sorry for herself, and admits that after she had tried reading every magazine in the house without success she just gave in to a nice big cry. In the midst of that Bill walked in. Seems that he had a very bad sinus condition, and that the Army preferred a well Bill Holden in preference to a sick one. For three days and nights Brenda played nurse. By Thursday his cold was gone, and Bill returned to Fort MacArthur. "I'll get a leave and come in town over the week-end," he told her cheerfully. "And you can see me in my uniform. That will be a treat!"

But on Saturday morning, when Brenda was in the process of making herself awfully attractive for a certain soldier, the phone rang and it was Bill. "Can you get down to Fort MacArthur by twelve?" he asked wistfully. "It will be my only chance to see you. They're sending me to an Eastern camp this afternoon."

"What a ride," said Brenda with a sigh. "I think I broke every traffic law. I made it by twelve, though I really must have flown part of the way. Bill was gone. Where could I find him? No one would



The kissing bug hit everybody on the set of Joan Crawford's new comedy, "They All Kissed the Bride." Allen Jenkins feels silly.

give me the slightest information about anything. I guess I was giving a good performance of an hysterical wife, because finally a soldier who knew Bill muttered in my ear that the troop train that left Fort MacArthur would take the boys to Union Station in Los Angeles, before making connection with the Eastern trains. I jumped back in my car and did some more fancy driving. While I was waiting for a red light to change two soldiers came over and asked for a lift into town. When they discovered that I was Bill Holden's wife, they were all for helping me find my husband, though they cheerfully assured me that it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. And it was. The station was jammed with boys in uniform. My two obliging soldiers ran interference for me through the crowd—and after a frantic fifteen minutes I found Bill, giving autographs to some fans. His commanding officer said that he could spend the rest of the afternoon with me, provided he was

back in time for the eight o'clock train. I was afraid we didn't do anything very romantic like young wives and husbands are always doing in fiction stories. We went shopping for all unexciting things, for bath towels for Bill. Then we went over to the L. more Hotel for cocktails and dinner. I cried a little and laughed a little, and stuffed himself with steak and French potatoes. For my sake he tried to make in the Army sound very easy and gay and amusing.

"But he's happy now," Brenda hastened to add. "I get one or two letters from him every day—he says the only time he writes is in his bunk at night by flashlight—and I can tell by his letters that he is thrilled at being a soldier, and intensely interested in his job of winning the war. When he left here he took only a snapshot of me. But now he has written a great big glamorous portrait of me, a picture of his dog Rhodes, a picture of his house, a picture of his gun cabinet, and wants me to go over to the stables in Fernando and take a picture of Banner (Banner's the horse Bill rents when he goes riding on Sundays.) Looks like I'm setting up light-housekeeping, though with six other boys in his tent I don't think I'm going to have much room for his picture gallery. I've written him to send me a snapshot of himself at Camp Monmouth, but haven't heard from him about it yet. I guess he's waiting for his hair to grow."

"When I came back to our home last night Bill left I felt that I simply couldn't go on without him. I don't think I've been so far down in the dumps. And this is only the beginning, I thought. There will be nights and nights of this dreadful loneliness. The days will be all right. I can work in the garden. I can put clean pans on the pantry shelves. I can polish silver. There're dozens of things around the house I can do. And when my next picture starts soon I will be at the studio all day. But the nights! There's no getting around those nights."

"Other women whose husbands have gone to the Army have their friends to turn to when they are lonely. But Bill and I haven't many friends. We were always completely happy, just the two of us, and it never occurred to us to invite many people to our home."

"I could have dates, of course. Although Bill's favorite postscript on his letters is 'Tell those Hollywood wolves I am learning to shoot better than ever,' I'm sure that he wouldn't mind too much if I went occasionally to a restaurant or night club."



They all kissed Joan Crawford instead of the bride (and vice versa)—including Gordon Jones, the taxi driver in the film.



Joan tries it again with Gordon Jones. That's much better! The first one went flat. Now Gordon knows he's been kissed.



Roland Young's a willing victim, too. See how the old boy goes ga-ga and gets that look in his eyes when Joan gives him a buss?



one of our fellow actors. But I didn't embarrass Bill for the world. And certain that if he saw a picture of me in a magazine or newspaper chatting cozily and comfortably with Mr. So-and-So at Mocambo he'd find it embarrassing. And besides, I don't want dates. I haven't the slightest desire to go dancing with anyone except Bill. I can wait until he comes home. What a small sacrifice that is compared with Bill's sacrifices.

In my fan mail I received a letter the other day from a war wife in Kansas City who told me how lucky I was to be a movie star. 'With your salary,' she said, 'you can afford to travel all over the United States and be with your husband until he's sent to Australia or Iceland or somewhere. But I can't. I only have an income of twenty dollars a week to look after my children, home, and myself.' She's right in a way. Movie stars do have it easier than other war wives when it comes to money. I may only get a private's pay, but I still have a nice salary to carry on with. But for movie stars it's a case of time. Mrs. Kansas City has the time to visit her soldier husband, but not the money. I have the money to visit Bill, but not the time. When you are under contract to a studio, you don't go galloping away to the East Coast when you want to. You do exactly what the studio tells you to do. And it's very important that I behave right now. Because my salary alone has to look after my insurance, car, house, everything that I used to go fifty-fifty on.

During those first few nights after Bill and I was so miserable I decided that I would move out of the home that was so full of memories and take an apartment for the duration. But I received a letter from Bill which changed all that. 'I couldn't have stood camp the first week,' he wrote, 'if I hadn't known I had a home to come back to when the war is over. A home means a lot to a guy in the army.'

I never realized until I read that how important it is that I keep Bill's house for him just as he left it. What if I am lonely here! Well, I can just jolly well show some guts for a change. Nothing less than a bomb will make me leave Bill's home. When he comes back he will find everything as he left it—except the garden will have fewer weeds in it, and the paper on the pantry shelves will be fresher. Who is it who said that the stability of the home is the stability of the nation? It is really for those homes that men fight. And when they have homes they love to fight for they win!"



Even Alexander Hall, director of Columbia's "They All Kissed the Bride," comes in for his share of Joan's kisses. Fair enough?

# SAYS ROSALIND RUSSELL

## (TROPIC SKIN TYPE)



ROSALIND RUSSELL IS NOW STARRING IN "TAKE A LETTER, DARLING," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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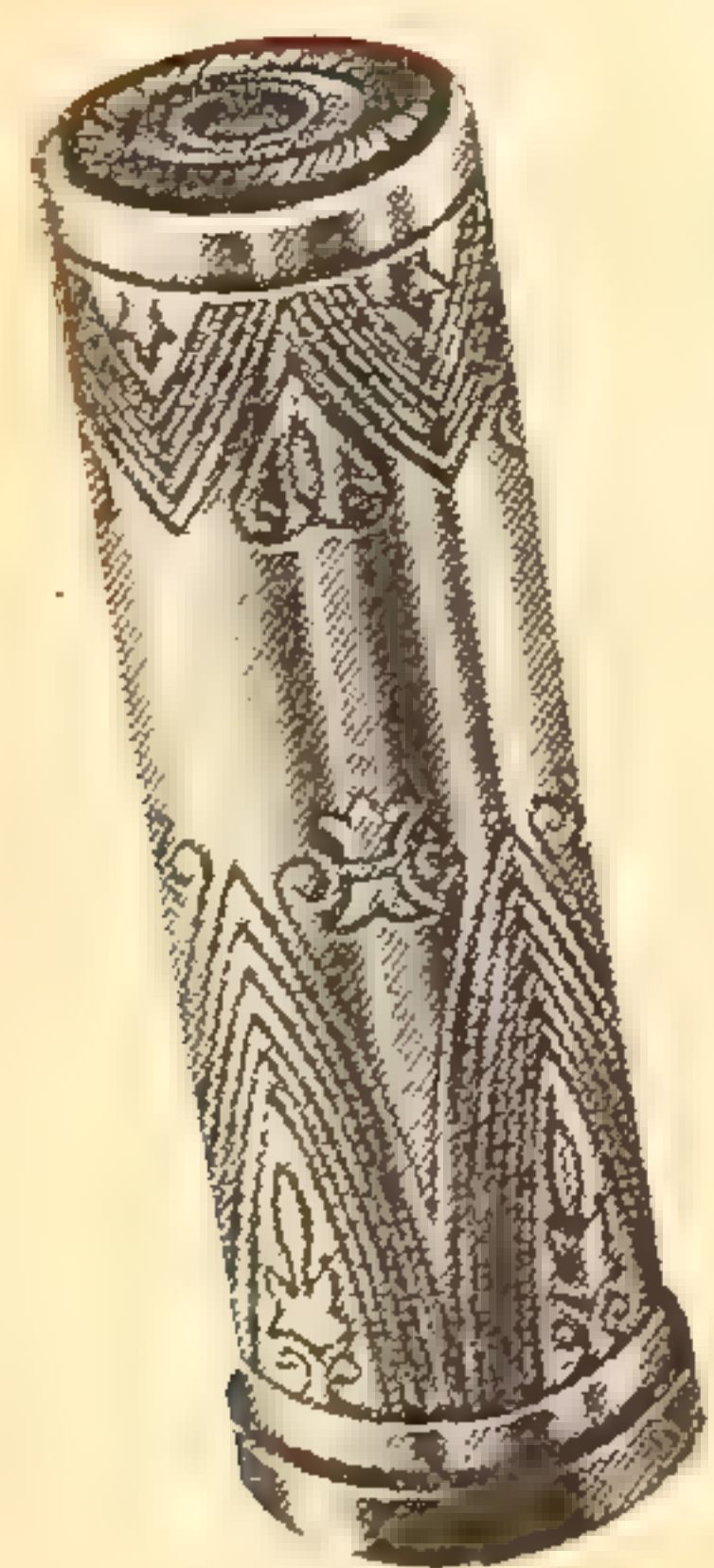


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Into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick goes a special ingredient to ward off chapping—protect against dryness, parching! Your lips keep their delicate, flower texture—while they wear thrilling, high-style color! Join the millions who have changed to "Sub-Deb"! \$1.00 and 50¢.



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luscious, siren shade

**DAHLIA**  
lovely, flower-soft

**TAMALE**  
ultra-chic "Latin" red

## Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

If you like peanut butter, you'll like peanut butter bread, which Marsha sometimes uses for cheese or lettuce sandwiches.

### PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup peanut butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add peanut butter and mix in; add milk and beat thoroughly. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about 1 hour. This is best when a day old.

The best thing Mrs. Wood does is bake cookies and make candy, accomplishments, alas, difficult since sugar rationing began. However, no picnic is complete without cookies, and neighbors pool sugar rations for them. Here are two of the more unusual served at the Hoppers':

### OATMEAL MACAROONS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon Crisco
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups rolled oats
- 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla

Mix sugar with Crisco, add egg yolks, salt and rolled oats; add baking powder, beaten egg whites and vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Drop on greased tins about  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon to each macaroon, allowing space for spreading. Bake about ten minutes in a moderate oven.

### BUTTERSCOTCH SLICES

(Ice Box Cookie)

- $1\frac{3}{4}$  cups sifted Swansdown cake flour
- $1\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon lemon juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup brown sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup broken nut meats
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cream butter, add sugar gradually; add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly. Add nuts and flavoring. Finally flour, mixing well. Pack dough in lightly greased loaf pan, cover with waxed paper and chill overnight.

Turn out on board and slice in  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch thick slices. Bake on ungreased sheet in hot oven for 6 minutes. Makes four dozen.

Mrs. Wood's talents are not confined to cooking. She made the little Dutch dress Marsha wears in these pictures, getting her inspiration from Marsha's rôle in "Tulip Time" for M-G-M.

As you can imagine, talk on the Hoppers' hilltop is concerned with house-and-garden at times, since the group are home-owners. The Barneses reigned in the canyon alone until the day the Carlsons and Hoppers wandered in, seeking adjacent properties. They broke ground the same day on their hillsides, but the Hoppers' house was finished first. The Carlsons moved in with them until their place was completed.

Marsha's house is long and low and gray. It melts into the landscape, but inside it seems nearly all windows, curtained in yellow or a patterned green.

It's a modernistic house. The hall is divided from the dining room with a high deep chest on top of which Marsha has

planted ivy that trails impartially in both rooms. The fireplace and built-in effectively partition the other side of hall from the long living room.

Gray carpet, Walex walls of an cocoa brown, green upholstered furniture, copper trims and ornaments provide a color scheme broken only by a couch in scarlet patterned white. There's a huge green couch, minus arms or back, set behind low dark tables by the hearth.

Windows form two sides of the dining room, where the furniture is made of walnut, and the drapes are in green, white and brown.

Marsha's built-in ideas are most appar-

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in the bedroom side of the house, slightly higher on the hill. Dressers, dressing tables, closets, chests, are all built in behind smooth white doors, so that the master bedroom is more like a sitting room than a conventional sleeping apartment. The bed is set back in an alcove, where walls are a soothing green and windows are set high; the headboard matches the drapes in green and white, and the footboard to the 6' x 8' bed is a comfortable green and white. The couch designed by Marsha. The couch faces the fireplace across a low table and is flanked with matching chairs. Long bookcases hold inviting rows of books.

The bedspread is Marsha's own invention; made of thick toweling with a monogram in the center, it can be stripped back without disturbing the permanent green-and-white "skirts" which are attached to the bed.

Mirrors are a mania with the Hoppers. They put them in wherever they will get obtaining some unique effects by using glass vases filled with the white gladiolas before some of the mirrors.

The bedroom wing is carpeted in striped rugs made by Marsha. She uses heavy string crocheted in a simple pattern block by block. As she finishes the blocks, she sews them together, making them fit to various rooms and hallways. They are thick and soft and easily cleaned. And they're easy to do!



Carol Bruce has a novel way of reminding folks of their patriotic duty. She ties her scarf so the most important slogans of this all-American scarf can be read.



## Beauty—Not Quite As Usual

Continued from page 57

and lipstick and her secret of lasting whiteness is the right foundation. She prefers the compressed cake form, and this is rapidly growing in popularity. In addition to making skin look smooth and lovely and covering over little flaws, all forms, cake, cream, lotion or liquid foundations, do offer the saving grace of protection for skin against sun, wind, cold and soil. And you, with a little artistic ingenuity, do nice things to your skin tone—make it warmer, more radiant or more fragile and girl-like, according to the shade you use. Another war note: I believe that the foundation will be found essential for skin protection in many factories and for outdoor work, so that, too, looks as if it is here to stay.

I believe in the foundation. I think some help does help protect skin and certainly it makes it look prettier. A practical suggestion is to try some of the smaller sizes of good products in the chain stores. You may need a little experimentation to find what is most perfect for you.

Ruth's lip make-up formula is not new, but it is good. This she learned from the make-up studio. Rouge the lips first (Ruth prefers the brush for an even line, unstained fingers and economy). After the rouge is applied, she gently blots lips with a tissue and then powders very lightly over them. This will give a very soft, beautiful effect. However, if you want a more seductive make-up, do as Ruth does, then re-rouge again. These lips will stay on, no matter what! The war note on lipsticks is that manufacturers are eliminating the metal cases, so much needed for war purposes, and they are resorting to well-designed cardboard, paper, wood and plastic cases. All that have come to this market are highly satisfactory. They are convenient and light to carry and look well. After all, the color is what we're after. Plenty of metal cases are still about, but the cases were probably made before any orders restricted the use of metal, so if they are for sale, you are not being unpatriotic if you buy them.

Ruth ends her very good sense beauty pointers with literally a finger tip. She is impatient always about the drying time of manicure, and so she protects her own as long as possible. She daily applies a clear sealing coat over the polish, which does prolong its life immensely and encourages strong nails. Most of the popular nail lacquers have this prolonging aid under various names. I find that a manicure done in this manner lasts me ten days in perfect condition, barring a real finger accident: a base coat, followed by two coats of enamel and the final sealing coat. Many nails will not grow too long in ten days and if the enamel remains in perfect condition, the manicure looks lovely. If Ruth breaks a nail or nicks the polish, sealing the break with the sealing coat and filling in the nick with the same, then applying polish, saves the situation.

Knowing how is a kind of beauty insurance—and the real efforts of manufacturers of cosmetics to help win the war and still keep you looking well is one of the assured facts of the future that should encourage us. Therefore, whether we drive in an ambulance, drill precision holes in metal, inspect shells, wham a typewriter, bathe the baby or later don an Army uniform, let me never be said by the boys in service that we forgot our good looks and let ourselves go because they left us and went to war!

# BRIGHT WORK, MISS LAKE!



**VERONICA LAKE**, star of the Paramount Picture "This Gun For Hire" says: "Sure, it's possible to keep one's teeth bright all the time—even easy, once you learn the system." Many stars find the Calox "system" exceptionally reliable for home care—and it's just as easy for you!

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*your dentist follows both!  
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Calox gives you five special ingredients for cleaning and brightening. With every stroke of the brush, Calox helps detach food particles, removes deposits, cleans off surface stains. And with every stroke Calox polishes, too, making your teeth shine with their own clear, and natural lustre . . . In Hollywood, many a star trusts to Calox-care. Try Calox Tooth Powder for your smile!

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



# Here's

By Weston East

# Hollywood



Left, Joan Fontaine in the arms of Charles Boyer for a scene in their co-starrer, "The Constant Nymph," screen version of Margaret Kennedy's novel which we are fictionizing in our next issue. Below, yummy love scene with Boyer and Alexis Smith, who is also a starring member of the cast.

WOW! Just wait until you get a load of Lamarr as the sultry *Tondeleyo* "White Cargo." With just a bit of padding Hedy wears a sarong that's going to cause heat waves. In deep coffee-color bomb makeup, her beauty has never been so breath-taking. The rôle of *Langford*, the Englishman who goes native, was turned down by Robert Taylor. It goes to Richard Carlson, his first break under his new M-G-M contract. Dick couldn't be more pleased, but for one thing. Just before he signed with M-G-M, he bought a wonderful hillside home all the way across town in the San Fernando valley. He's making arrangements to ride in with Clark Gable and Bob Young, who also live in the valley.

TIM HOLT (who recently joined up) tells this story about his father, the famous silent picture star, Jack Holt. Not long ago Jack approached his local draft board and said he wanted to enlist. Flabbergasted, the man in charge asked Jack his age. "I'm forty-three," said Jack, who actually is quite a few years older than that. "But Mr. Holt," answered the man kindly as possible, "I remember seeing you in 'The Squaw Man'—and I'm forty-four. It's *this* kind of patriotism that's going to win the war!

MOST amused person over those Joan Emery-Joan Crawford romances is John himself. He happens to be quite smitten with Tamara Geva, celebrated stage dancer who is now crashing through movies. John knew Joan long before he was even married to Tallulah Bankhead and there wasn't a romance then. Despite the Hollywood press agents, it ain't what cupid ordered.

THERE were tears in Norma Shearer's eyes when she went around the lot bidding everyone goodbye. Of course she's still a large M-G-M stockholder. But matters have run under the well-known bridge since the first time Norma walked through the studio gates. Her co-workers of many years were sorry to see her cheery off the lot. But not nearly as sorry as they would have been, had they not known that Martin Arrouge, Norma's big ski man from the snow country, is the important thing in her life.







Do you think Jimmy Rogers, left, resembles his illustrious father, the late Will Rogers? In Hal Roach's Western streamliner, "Calaboose," second in a series co-starring young Rogers and Noah Beery, Jr., Jim has a rôle similar to those his dad played. Mary Brian, shown with Rogers at right, returns to the screen after a three-years' absence to play leading lady.



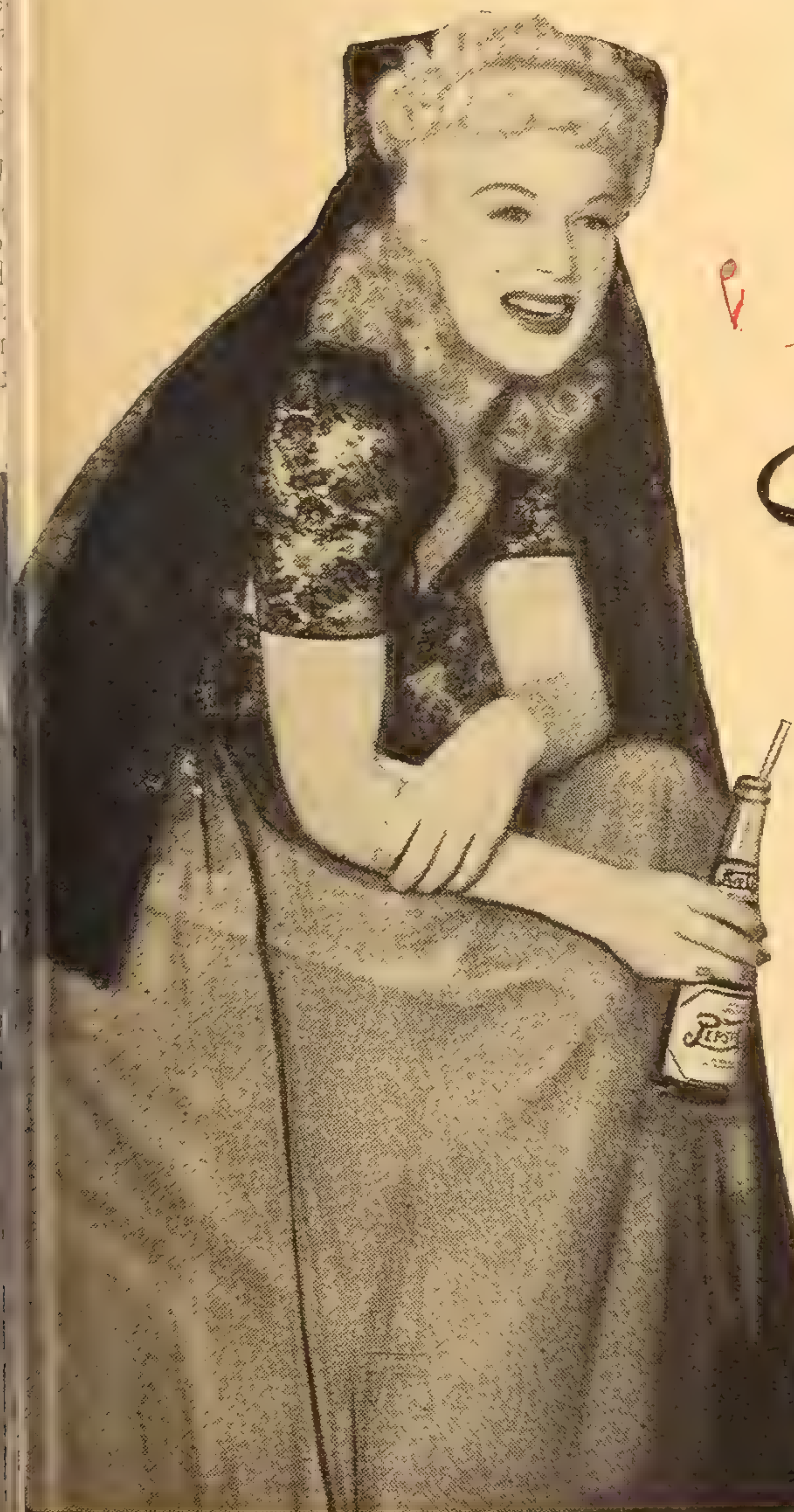
BOB STERLING joined up with the Air Force just as M-G-M was planning big things for him. It's tough on Bob for more reasons than this, however. It means a separation from Ann Sothorn, who has been a great influence in his personal and professional life. It means his invalid father, mother and two sisters will be without his necessary support. Bob has been granted a six-months' stay, to do a radio assignment and an extra picture. Then he can leave without worrying too much about his family's welfare.

THREE years ago Gig Young worked as a car hop in a drive-in. In the mornings he went to dramatic school. Now that he's a white hope at Warner Bros. studio, a sandwich has been named after him in the drive-in where he used to sell sandwiches.

WHEN Alice Faye Harris was born, daddy Phil ran right out and bought her a thousand dollar Victory Bond as a "greeting" present. Sweet Alice is the happiest mother in Hollywood. She's never been one to talk much about herself. But you should hear her go to town about little Alice. If it wasn't so touching, it would be amusing.

RED SKELTON promises he'll never "dood" it again. Whenever he has a spare moment at the studio, Red sneaks off his set and visits Mickey Rooney on his. From the sidelines Red mugs at Mickey and the magnificent moppet blows his lines higher than a kite. Finally the production department stepped in. Red had to promise to keep a straight face or keep off the set. Boys will be boys, we always say.

THE little Lane did it before and she's done it again. By this time Priscilla Lane's indifference and independence are no longer a novelty in Hollywood. So her second elopement only created mild interest—which is just the way Pat would have it. This year's husband, Lieut. Joe Howard, is stationed at the Victorville airport. So Pat will live near there when she isn't in a picture. Her former husband, Orin Haglund, is an assistant director on the set where Pat works. He's married again and will soon be in the Air Force. John Barry, to whom Pat announced her engagement once upon a time, is the owner of the Victorville Press. He had to run the announcement of her marriage to Howard! Mrs. Cora Lane, who has successfully guided the destinies of the Lane sisters, was not at this wedding of Pat's either.



Swinging to good taste

Paramount's singing star Betty Hutton and song writer Frank Loesser relax on the set of "Happy-Go-Lucky." Their good taste in music put them on top in Hollywood.

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**W**EDDING bells dept.: The happy honeymoon of Van Heflin and Frances Neal may soon be over. The Army wants him . . . In announcing her marriage to Ray Hendricks, a civilian aviation instructor, Laraine Day said she *wasn't* taking up aviation. Her press agent must be slipping . . . Celebrating the completion of "Pride of the Yankees," "Mrs. Lou Gehrig," or Teresa Wright to her public, married writer Niven Busch.

**E**VER since the war broke out, privately owned boats are only allowed to cruise inside the coastal bay section. So imagine Ray Milland's surprise when a Coast Guard came charging down on him and his party of friends. The Millands, together with Ann Sothorn, Bob Sterling, Cesar Romero, Mrs. Bob Hope and Watson Webb, were innocently drifting along, eating lunch, having a good time. "You've got something we want," exclaimed two of Uncle Sam's men, as they hopped on board. It proved to be Mrs. Bob Hope's camera. The report had come in that suspicious characters were photographing the coastal line. One man remained while Ray went with the other and made explanations at headquarters. For a moment they were plenty scared.

**F**OR once the gay and witty Geraldine Fitzgerald didn't have an answer. As you know, if you've observed those candid camera shots of Lady Geraldine, she wears her wild red hair in one glorious mop. While doing canteen work, Geraldine asked a soldier if there was anything special she could do for him. "Yes," was the answer. "Let me braid your hair!"

Robert Cummings teaches Diana Barrymore the finer points of skating to prove he's a good skate (we knew it all the time) in scene above from "What Happened, Caroline?" But *what* happened to Diana? Below, Kay Francis with Diana, and on opposite page, Diana with John Boles in another scene from the same film.



**F**AREWELL two arms: Unless they change their minds again, Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery won't be sharing that Montana farm together. Domestic professional complications seem to be the cause of it all . . . While Eduardo Cansino Jr., applied for a marriage license, famous sister, Rita Hayworth, told it to judge. She amended her original complaint before saying a not-too-fond farewell to Edward Judson, the husband she accused of jeopardizing her career . . . Like Gary Frank Albertson wanted to be alone. Nine years ago he was reconciled with Virginia Shelley. This time it's real, she told judge.

**O**LIVIA DE HAVILLAND, Claude Colbert, Joan Bennett, Joan Blondell and the other stars returned from the Victory Caravan tour happy but completely exhausted. Raising money for the USO Navy Relief was such a worthy cause, the girls never complained of the strenuous routine. But a doctor who went along with the troupe was kept a very busy man. If he wasn't giving pills to put one tired girl to sleep, he was prescribing them to another group to keep them awake. The money they raised is a great tribute to Hollywood.

**T**HREE cheers for Bette Davis. Ever since our entry into the war, she has refused to be publicized in a uniform that isn't actually wearing for war work. Bette has appeared at the various camps and endless bonds. But always in her own civilian clothes. Now there's an agreement between the studio publicity directors. The star will be photographed in a uniform, unless that uniform is actually being worn in service. Good taste and Bette Davis went out again.

**J**EFFREY LYNN has been transferred once again. This time to Fort Monmouth, in New Jersey. Instead of acting in propaganda films, Jeff is learning camera work. Russell Arms, at the same camp is learning to write scripts. Ironical though they expect to be transferred to the Astor studios on Long Island. Once it was the ambition to crash the gates of this famous birthplace of the stars. When they get the inside, all their acting will be directed by Uncle Sam!





**HEESE CAKE** for Greer Garson! That's the problem they're faced with, that the bulb flashers have got a load of Greer in "Random Harvest." Because she often wears those full skirts in costume pictures, some strongly suspected that Larson might have a skull and cross bones tattooed on her right knee. Then suddenly, her rôle of the show girl in James Hilton's story, she emerges with a pair of slims that make Dietrich's look like asparagus stalks. Someone suggested they change the name of the picture to "Goodbye, Mrs. Miniver."

**A LUPINO** has her own ideas about women in uniforms. "They're all right in the daytime when women are doing war work," says Ida. "But in the evening a woman should wear feminine things that attract a soldier's eye." So Ida has gone into the business of designing soft, feminine cotton gowns that are inexpensive and easy to launder. Ida's slogan for her new business is: "Sex After Six."

**HEY** probably won't be in a hurry to cast Jean Gabin and Tom Mitchell in the same picture again, as in "Moontide." Jean is a style of underplaying his lines. He speaks them so softly, all the listeners' attention goes to him. Mitchell thought this was an obvious trick to steal the scene. He began to speak softly too. By the time he underplayed the other, the poor sound man wasn't picking up any dialogue at all. At least one big, happy family they are—not.

**RECENTLY**, Lily MacMurray went down to the Union Station to meet Fred, who was returning from location. Hundreds of soldiers pouring in were greeted by hundreds of wives and sweethearts. One soldier taller than the rest caught Lily's attention. As far as everyone else was concerned, he was just another man in uniform. It was Jimmy Stewart. When Lily hailed him, Jim grinned from ear to ear. Just then Fred showed up. Like every other American soldier, Jimmy asked if he could hitchhike a ride to Beverly Hills. Yes, this is war.

**AND** we thought we had heard everything! Paul Henreid, continental love man, stormed into the Warner Bros. publicity department. He wanted all the prints of a recent portrait sitting done over again. The reason? They had retouched them and made him look *too* handsome. Now you know why Hollywood publicity men end up being bewildered babes in the woods!



## Guard your Flower-Fresh Charm the Arthur Murray Way

• Popular Jean Kern wins every time she spins! Graceful, glamorous, confident—she trusts Odorono Cream to keep her right-from-the-florist fresh. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she takes no chances with underarm odor or dampness!

*Dancing or romancing*, see if Odorono Cream doesn't answer *your* underarm problem. Stops perspiration safely up to 3 days. Non-greasy, non-gritty, won't irritate skin or rot dresses. No waiting to dry. Follow directions. Get a jar today! Big 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes.

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Kaye Hanlon keeps that fresh, sure-of-herself poise on Kansas City's hottest day.



*Stops* PERSPIRATION  
SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

ODORONO CREAM WILL NOT IRRITATE YOUR SKIN





## "POUR YOURSELF a pair of STOCKINGS"

... with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP, the same sleek, streakless leg make-up that English girls have been "going wild about" ever since silk hosiery disappeared for the duration.

This "wonder" product gives stocking-less legs real eye-catching glamour, imparting the same velvety-smooth attractiveness to the legs that it does to the face, neck and arms.

Smooth it on in a jiffy . . . you'll find that it's comfortably cool, looks like sheer silk and won't rub off. It's waterproof, too!

Just "pour yourself a pair of stockings" today with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP . . . and forget runs, the high cost of silk stockings and all the other war-time hosiery headaches.

Ask for the special hosiery shades—*Rose Beige* and *Golden Mist*.

More women use MINER'S than any other LIQUID MAKE-UP! Buy it! . . . Try it! . . . You'll love it!

# MINER'S *Liquid* MAKE-UP



50c, 25c and 10c at cosmetic and hosiery counters everywhere

For an exquisite all-day powder base or for harmonizing face and leg make-up . . . use one of these flattering shades:

Peach • Rachelle • Brunette  
Suntan • Hawaiian • Nut Brown



Forrest Tucker, John Howard, Marguerite Chapman and Bruce Bennett, as they appear in "Submarine Raider," which gives a graphic account of the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor. Miss Chapman is the former Powers model being groomed for stardom by Columbia.

IT REALLY would be a great loss if Jack Benny and Bob Hope got their way. Bob, who is doing a magnificent job entertaining the boys, would like to join up. But he's needed too badly in his present setup. Benny would like to go off the air for a year, he's that exhausted. Picture commitments that must be met, his weekly radio show, numerous benefits and playing Army camps, have put Jack under a terrific strain. But he feels it would be unpatriotic right now to quit, much as he needs the rest. Keep 'em laughing will continue to be Bob's and Jack's motto. They're a couple of great guys, yes?

WHEN the draft board gave Errol Flynn a definite 4-F rating, he took himself right to Washington. Because of an athletic heart, Errol may not be able to do combat duty. But he is definitely going to serve in some capacity, or else. Upon his return, Errol could only say that his trip had produced most satisfactory results. More than that he can't reveal at this time. By the time you read this Errol will be a one hundred percent United States citizen. With his divorce problems all settled now, things are practically back to normal again.

A GROUP of studio people were sitting around the luncheon table in the commissary. Victor Mature was among those present. As usual, Victor was doing most of the talking.

"What am I doing in a musical?" Victor quipped. "Someone does the singing for me. Someone also does the dancing for me."

"Who's going to do the acting for you?" a voice piped up. The table roared. With all due credit to Vic, he laughed the loudest.

ANN SOTHERN got her divorce from Roger Pryor in twelve minutes. All she has to do is wait a year until she is legally free. When she got home from the court-room, there was a huge box of flowers waiting. Attached to the box was a pair of handcuffs. On a card signed by John Hambleton, Ann's friend of long standing, were these words: "Pardon me, lady, but did you drop these?"

DANCING with tears in her eyes is Betty Grable's theme song. Her operation was the direct cause of a strain that happened while doing a strenuous dance routine. Throwing herself into it like a trouser she is, Betty passed out cold at the last bar of music. Production has called off. Cesar Romero, her screen dancing partner, is at home planting a Vic Garden—waiting for Betty to get going again.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the news of John Barrymore's death, Hollywood received word that "Muzzie" May Roze was well enough to return to work again. After a lingering and serious illness, Muzzie won her battle to live. When she worked with John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna," John always kidded Muzzie about being so eternally young, she'd outlive them all. With John Barrymore's passing, much of the local color goes out of Hollywood.

STRANGE indeed was Richard Whorf's release from Warner Bros. On Saturday night the famous stage star dined at one of the top executives. He was assured that on the following Monday his operation was being taken up. Great plans were stored for him. But on Monday Dickie received the news that he had been dropped from the contract list. A deal is now being made with M-G-M.

IT WAS Joel McCrea who reportedly refused to work again opposite Veronica Lake, this time in "I Married A Woman." Freddie March took the job. Now Freddie who vows he will never work with La Lake again. Being a gentleman, he steadfastly refuses to discuss the situation. But to an intimate friend he is supposed to have said: "I just don't get her."

IF JACK BENNY has his way, Buck Merkel will soon appear opposite him as a comedian on the screen. When it comes to talent, Jack thinks Una is about tops. She's been in New York doing radio for a season. We've missed you, Una, and we more agree with "Buck" Benny.



# Hedy Lamarr's Intimate Ideas about Herself!

FOR THE FIRST TIME since she arrived in America—frightened by the sensationalism of her advance publicity—Hedy Lamarr feels sure enough of herself to talk frankly about the person she really is. And she *talks*—in Screen Guide! Everything one girl wants to know of another is explored—her ideas, ambitions and loves—with some tips for yourself along the way!

## Other Scoops in August Screen Guide:

**"Why I Hated Andy Hardy!"** by Ann Rutherford. She's out of Mickey Rooney's life; see why she wanted to be!

**Love's Future for Rita Hayworth.** She's free—for what?

**Ladies Prefer Heels!** You'll be amazed at the psychological wallop in the story of George Sanders' success!

**What YOU Can Do for a Soldier.** Michele Morgan advises.

**Maureen O'Hara Hides from Hollywood!** Real reasons why.

**Robert Young—Man on the Home Front:** How life goes on.

ALSO: Exciting color portraits of Alexis Smith, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan, Ann Rutherford, Maureen O'Hara. Plus pages of intimate gossip, fashion news, beauty tips, movie reviews—all in Screen Guide!



# SCREEN GUIDE

AUGUST ISSUE  
Now on Sale  
at ALL NEWSSTANDS

UPID'S Kut-ups: Evelyn Ankers and tall, blond Richard Denning dreaming up to the Mocambo Rumba music . . . to for Margo and Eddie Albert, who don't even need music . . . Paul Brinkman, sometimes referred to as "The poor man's Noel Flynn," out again and again with the Duprez . . . Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., being glowing-eyed at K. T. Stevens . . . Gordon, helping to bring June Lang back into circulation . . . Edmund O'Brien and Michele Morgan dunking at the Derby and loving it . . . Carole Landis, dancing she's left her motor running. Woolly mahue on the receiving end . . . Lana Turner, being called a fugitive from a band leader, having fun with Howard Hughes . . . John Payne and Sheila Ryan exchanging warm glances at the Icecapades . . . William Lundigan once again flashing those smiles at Marguerite Chapman, who shes right back . . . Cesar Romero's big moment is a South American blonde. He's working in jewelry store windows and *not* because he wants to set his watch.

WHAT-NEXT DEPARTMENT: Veronica Lake, her famous hair dyed a tomato shade, is sporting a new version of the pigtail style. Instead of two pigtails over her ears, Ronnie is wearing *four* pigtails with a different colored bow tied to each. By the time she starts her next picture, her hair will probably be blonde again. The studio no likee.

THE story behind the story of Ann Harding's return to the screen, is really what's interesting. Ten years ago when Ann was a big Paramount star, the wardrobe man on her set was named Fred Zinneman. She will be directed by Fred in her first comic picture at M-G-M. Nice going!



Nan Wynn, above, will be seen in the new Abbott and Costello picture, "Pardon My Sarong." The dark-eyed, dark-haired charmer from Broadway does more than wear a sarong and look pretty—she sings and carries on a riotously comic romance with the chubby Romeo Costello.



# Romance Comes to Van Heflin!

Continued from page 51

type, that he is quiet and unassuming, he is, today, in the full glare of another spotlight as hero of one of Hollywood's sweetest love stories.

A few months ago, I asked Van the question, "What about romance?" And he gaily replied, "There isn't any. So far, my love-life has had no serious chapters. Guess I've been too busy. Oh yes," he added, "someday I hope to find true love and congenial companionship. I want to marry, have a home and children, but I'm in no hurry. It must be the *right* romance: my marriage will be for keeps."

Now, six months later to the very day after Van met the cute little Irish starlet, Frances Neal, his dream came true—he had found romance! At 10 o'clock Saturday morning, May 16th, they were married in the Westwood Congregational Church, with only members of the two families and a few intimate friends present. The wedding ring was a plain gold band. A month before, Van had given Frances a diamond and platinum engagement ring. They spent their honeymoon at Del Monte, the most picturesque spot on the Pacific coast, and on their return to Hollywood, they went to a modest Hollywood apartment which they had chosen for their first home.

And—back of all this is a truly American boy-meets-girl romance. Van and Frances were introduced at an informal dinner given by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer, Joseph Pasternak, and both admit it was love at first sight. Maybe it was the flaming red hair—her friends call her *Fire-cracker*! Maybe it was her saucy, smiling mouth; or maybe it was the sweetness, the womanliness shining through her blue eyes that sent a big wallop straight to Van's heart. They quickly discovered congenial tastes: tennis, swimming, riding. They both love music, books and the drama, but pass up the hectic night life. Van says that as a social figure he is a flop because he's a terrible dancer. Nightly, they dine together, alternating between her home, where

she lived with her father, a United States Army Surgeon stationed at the Sawtelle Hospital, and her mother, and the Brentwood apartment where Van and his mother lived, his father having passed away recently. They talked of everything during long drives and then, one moonlight night, Van asked her to marry him. To his delight, though he'll probably tease her about it for the next fifty years, she demurely replied, "I'll be proud to be Mrs. Heflin!"

Frances has given up her career which was blooming at RKO, her most outstanding rôle being opposite Dennis O'Keefe in "Lady Scarface," and she will devote herself to being a wife—all her ambitions are centered on her husband's career. And Van is tremendously serious about his acting, and if *living* is an actor's equipment, he has qualified.

Born in a small Oklahoma town, where his father was a dentist, the family moved to Long Beach, California, just as he was ready to enter the seventh grade. It was here that he discovered the ocean. He spent every spare hour hanging about the waterfront of the Long Beach and San Pedro harbors, and when summer came he shipped on a fishing schooner bound for Mexican waters. Next vacation he sailed for Hawaii, the next for South America, and the following summer, after graduating from high school, he made his first trip to England. Then, he climaxed two years at the University of Oklahoma by sailing through the Panama Canal. It was this journey that changed his life.

"Arriving in New York," said Van, "I looked up my girl cousin, the only person I knew in the city. Still in my seaman's clothes, and carrying my seaman's kit, I barged in on a swanky cocktail party, where a lot of theatrical people were milling around. To them I must have looked like a character in a drama and as a joke, they put me up to calling on Channing Pollock who was casting a play. I've always imagined that Pollock caught the



This is love. Van Heflin, who recently married Frances Neal after a brief courtship, poses above with his bride. How does this compare with the love scene on opposite page?



WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

FOR VICTORY

joke-angle and decided to turn the tables on his friends, for he sent me to his director the late Richard Boleslawsky. Now, it happened that Boleslawsky liked young, experienced players, whom he could mold to suit himself, and amazing as it seems, gave me a part. He was marvelous, working with me and giving me the advantage of his rich European training, and I not only opened with the play, "Mr. Money Bags" but stayed on until the final performance three months later.

"By that time I was completely disillusioned, and never wanted to see the theater again. You see, I had built up a glamor world in my imagination that nothing, not even the stage, could meet. I closed on Saturday night and on Sunday morning I was aboard a merchant ship where for three years I viewed the world as a sailor. Before leaving, to quiet my conscience because I was not returning to the University, I secured the La Salle Extension Course of Law, but soon decided the sea was to be my profession for it offered the adventures and thrills I craved. I learn every emotion at sea. Life is so often tragic, with danger and death riding each wave.

"At the end of three years I came home to visit the family and my father, who diplomatically, suggested that I complete my college course. I thought, why not? I have plenty of time and the sea will wait for me, so I pitched in and did two years in one. By the time I was graduated my ambitions had taken a complete flip-flop. I wanted to be an actor! I went on to Yale for a year's study, then tackled New York. I bumped into the usual story: living in a heaven of hopes, starving between small jobs, an occasional mild triumph—you know, that magic world of heartbreak and joy that is never found anywhere else. And how I loved every hour!"

After Van finally made the grade, he became a favorite in many New York plays but he found real fame as the young reporter in "The Philadelphia Story," with Hepburn, which ran two full years on Broadway, with an added twenty-two week tour of sixty cities.





his looks like love, but it's only a scene from "Kid Glove Killer," with Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt. Hard to tell "reel" love from real thing? That's because Van's a good actor.

"I was so wrapped up in the theater that I didn't give the screen a serious thought," he explained. "Want to know what turned the trick? It was when I learned that during the first two weeks' run of the film version of 'The Philadelphia Story' five times more people saw it than had witnessed our hundreds of stage performances. Every actor loves an audience, and the thought of one so vast thrilled me beyond words. I decided then and there that motion pictures would be my goal. I'll always love the stage but the screen offers the challenge of creating a new character every few weeks, with new associations, new emotional reactions, against new environments. I ask you, could any actor resist such an opportunity?"

"An actor's emotions," Van went on, "are the same for the theater and the screen, but the technique for expressing them is very different. On the stage we rely on audience reactions, but for a picture we depend wholly on the director's response. These directors are remarkable men and everyone with whom I've worked has given me valuable help. For instance, during the filming of 'Johnny Eager' we completed a scene and Director Mervyn LeRoy said, 'That's fine. Print it.' I spoke up saying I was sure I could do better were it approached a different way. With a lenient look, LeRoy replied, 'All right, we'll do it your way and print both, then we'll look at them together.' We remade the scene following my ideas, with LeRoy cooperating in every way, and when it was finished I was jubilant for I was confident it was a perfect shot. Later, we viewed both scenes in the projection room—and mine was awful! I'd missed completely. You see, LeRoy understood *visual* emotions, I didn't. But that experience gave me a whole course in movie technique."

Van's next film will be a gripping drama, "The Man on America's Conscience," and he is especially excited over it because those grand troupers, Lionel Barrymore and Marjorie Main, will share the honors.

At the moment, however, the honeymooners are living in a romantic heaven. However, they are practical kids and are planning a San Fernando ranch home, something of about 10-acres, where they will go in for real country life. Frances proudly boasts that she is already a good cook and she wants a Victory garden, while Van has a flock of ideas as to how to put a ranch on a paying basis—no gentleman-farming for him. So the present and the future look rosy indeed, for Mr. and Mrs. Van Heflin.



*Fit as  
a Fiddle*

Remember when the boys used to say that girls are "made of sugar and spice and all things nice"? Those days are gone forever . . . you're no sissy now!

You and a million other volunteers have learned the meaning of give and take. You *give* your time and energy, and *take* your assignments as they come. Every day they need you . . . every day of the month.

Many's the night you used to hobble home, dead tired. But *now* you're a veteran! You've learned how to be a good soldier . . . to keep going, keep smiling . . . no matter what!

The greatest triumph of all—now even "difficult days" don't slow you down! Not since girls-in-the-know put you wise to the *greater comfort* of Kotex sanitary napkins.

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You'd like to pass on the good word to *all* the girls. That Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

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**Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree  
—with KOTEX\*!**



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Pretty Sheila Ryan, attired in white bra-halter and brightly colored striped shorts, is all set for a good sunning. Sheila is currently the romantic lead opposite John Shelton in 20th Century-Fox's new Laurel and Hardy comedy, "A-Haunting We Will Go."

## Charlie Chaplin Talks About Paulette Goddard

Continued from page 31

Paulette—whom he referred to constantly and only as "Mrs. Chaplin." It was a Saturday night party in Hollywood. Open house, with guests drifting in informally. Lewis Browne, the modern philosopher who wrote *This Believing World*, arrived with a small white-haired young-faced gentleman. "It's Charlie Chaplin!" The whisper went around the big drawing room—as though it were a rumor. Charlie rarely attends Hollywood parties. Both he and Paulette lived fairly secluded lives.

Recently both Paulette and Charlie had been seen with others about Hollywood.

And together only once in several weeks. Further, Paulette had taken a seven-room house in Cold Water Canyon and Hollywood was ready to believe that the Chaplin marriage was over.

Charlie acknowledged the introduction—and luckily Mr. Browne brought him to join our particular group. "A man can't be lonely with fame," Charlie said making himself comfortable in a low chair. "He it was Saturday night. I had nothing to do but twiddle my fingers. Many a night I sit up there in my big house, and wonder if someone would invite me to a party or dinner."

Charlie was smiling. But his voice was actually wistful. "I have been told that some people hesitate to invite me. They think it must be a big state occasion or something that would not come. They think unless it is an important party that I wouldn't be interested. I like to talk to people, just like anyone else."

Mr. Chaplin has a low modulated voice—a simple appeal—a gentle approach—



ugh he is over fifty, he is young, without  
ne on his face. In fact he is the tennis  
mp of Beverly Hills' most exclusive  
hborhood, playing daily at five in the  
rnoons.

Someone remarked on Paulette's amaz-  
rise to stardom, half fearful of in-  
ling on Charlie's personal privacy. But  
it was he who had first mentioned Mrs.  
Chaplin. "Not amazing at all," Charlie  
said. "Only amazing is the persistence and  
energy of such a little girl. For five years  
Mrs. Chaplin studied diligently. She took  
university courses in English, diction, lit-  
erature. She had five hours of study every  
day. Our house was like a university with  
professors always about. She took dancing  
and singing lessons and between times she  
had time to design her own clothes. She  
made hats, the most intriguing little hats  
with bits of ribbon and straws. She's a little  
fame. I used to tell her she could open a  
clothing shop and do right well." Charlie  
laughed.

Paulette was always such a busy little  
thing," Charlie was saying about the vi-  
cious Paulette who has risen to top star-  
dom at Paramount—and who personally  
is such an enigma to everyone. "She was  
a little pixie with her knitting needles  
knitting away—so busy. When we sat by  
the fireplace, or out in the garden, or on  
the yacht, she was busy knitting." Charlie  
told Paulette with her flying knitting  
needles in his inimitable pantomime. "All  
my sweaters, and even my socks, she  
knitted. She used to turn out a sweater in  
a couple of days. When H. G. Wells was  
in our house," Charlie continued, "and ad-  
ded one of my sweaters, that little busy-  
body surprised him with a completed  
sweater the next night for dinner. Sounds  
believable. But that's the way Mrs.  
Chaplin is." Charlie gestured helplessly,  
with his hands, and shrugged his shoulders.  
"Why—one time I came home and the  
fire house had been done over. I didn't  
know my own house. I had spent a modest  
fortune years back when Pickfair and the  
other estates up our way had been done.  
I didn't know what had Mrs. Chaplin done but had  
the entire place refurnished. In good taste  
," he carefully added.

Both Charlie and Paulette refused any  
all interviews on their marriage. But

here, socially, among his friends, Charlie  
spoke freely.

While he commented favorably on "Reap  
the Wild Wind," Charlie still preferred  
Paulette as the simple little peasant girl  
—"with her hair blowing in the wind in the  
closing scenes of 'The Dictator.' Or as the  
little girl in 'Modern Times.' Then she was  
the true Paulette."

Even the most severe critics of Paulette  
Goddard avow her to be one of the most  
exotic women on the screen—daringly  
beautiful, vivaciously alluring. I said as  
much. But to Charlie she possesses none  
of the wenchiness she displayed in "North  
West Mounted Police." Rather to him she  
was a "childlike creature of whims." One  
who had blossomed from a promising bud  
into a full-blown flower.

Charlie heartily agreed that she was the  
first of his leading ladies to establish her-  
self securely as a star. He admitted in the  
beginning he had not been wholly in accord  
with Paulette's ambition to make her own  
way. That he had planned on her being  
exclusively a Chaplin leading lady around  
whom he would write special pictures, pic-  
tures that would be artistic achievements  
presenting Paulette's beauty and loveliness  
as Charlie knew it.

"Mrs. Chaplin is a buoyant young  
sybarite—hepped with energy and beauty.  
She simply had to see if she could make  
good on her own without my help. She  
did," he said.

It is remembered that when Paulette first  
tested for the rôle of *Scarlett* in "Gone with  
the Wind" Charlie protested. The David  
Selznick estate is across the road in the  
Beverly Hills from the Chaplin estate. One  
morning Paulette in a crinoline gown with  
a hoop skirt and pantalettes—with a basket  
of freshly cut roses—crossed the road and  
called on the about-to-be-producer of "G.  
W.T.W." It was before breakfast and  
her appearance as a southern belle was  
startling and convincing. In fact Paulette  
came away with the rôle virtually promised  
to her. Charlie convinced her, however, to  
wait and play with him in "The Dictator."  
He had written it for the two of them. It  
was his most cherished ambition for her  
and for himself. So like a dutiful little  
wife Mrs. Chaplin patiently waited.

"Paulette has a smart little business head.



All the screen stars are helping the great cause by furnishing entertainment for the  
service men and Paulette Goddard is no exception. Above, Paulette is shown in front  
of a loud-speaker doing her bit at the American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen.

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Check should be made payable to Navy Relief Society and sent to Citizens' Committee, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.



Photo by Vandamm

Want to meet the movie stars? Join the Army or Navy! Bette Davis was flooded with requests for autographs when she appeared at the American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen.

She actually had a contract drawn up stipulating that I should pay her \$2500 a week. That was more than I had ever paid a leading lady in one of my pictures."

Which again brings forth the fact that Paulette is the only one of Charlie's leading ladies to use her initiative to forge ahead in Hollywood. Edna Purviance was the first of his leading ladies to become known. She appeared in "Woman of Paris" and "The Kid" and then dropped out of pictures. But not from the Chaplin payroll. For many years Edna, like Chaplin's full studio staff, drew a weekly salary. Even today Charlie meets a weekly payroll, whether he is making pictures or not, for his employees who have been with him for twenty or thirty years.

Briefly Charlie recalled that Merna Kennedy was his leading lady in "The Circus." She left pictures to marry Busby Berkeley. Mildred Harris became his leading lady and then his wife. They had a baby who died. She left Charlie and pictures and went into vaudeville. Virginia Cherrill was in "City Lights." She secured a six-months' stock contract at Fox and then married Cary Grant, later marrying the Earl of Jersey of England. Georgia Hale, who played the lead in Charlie's "Gold Rush," which currently reissued is grossing its eighth million, retired after one picture. I recall seeing Georgia and Charlie meet in the lobby of the Westwood Village theater the night of its premiere recently. Georgia is still beautiful and Charlie greeted her warmly. She too never went farther in films. And there was Lita Gray who after a movie became Mrs. Chaplin and bore Charlie two sons, Sidney and Charlie, Jr., now fifteen and sixteen. Of them all Paulette, career-minded, talented, over-rode Charlie's hearty objections—and tried for stardom on her own.

It is to be remembered that she secured a copy of the script of Cecil B. DeMille's "North West Mounted Police." She was fascinated. She studied the rôle of the half-breed Indian girl—afire with all the wiles of her sex. That she began sending daily postcards to Mr. DeMille asking him for an interview for the rôle. That one day, dressed completely in character as *Louvette*

Corbeau, she invaded DeMille's office at Paramount and convinced DeMille, as he had never been convinced before, that Paulette was *Louvette*.

This amazing bit of strategy on Paulette's part, together with her ability as an actress, so impressed the veteran DeMille that he calls for Paulette repeatedly for his pictures. Which is one of the highest compliments any actress can ask for.

At first Charlie was not too happy. Paulette was busy morning, noon and night at Paramount. At times he called for her in the evening. Once or twice he watched her from the sidelines of the set. Then his own picture began. Paulette divided her time between Paramount and the Chaplin studios. At the latter she was the quiet dutiful little girl who sat on the set awaiting orders from Mr. Chaplin. All of her remarks, all her conversation were preceded with "Charlie says—."

At Paramount she was La Goddard, who worked long hard hours tirelessly—enough to wear down the average Hollywood glamor girl. Work only added to Paulette's zest and freshened her vivacity. "I have such a beautiful wardrobe bulging with clothes—such lovely jewels," she said. "But no time to wear them."

On occasion Paulette and Charlie visited the night clubs. The photographers had holiday shooting pictures of Paulette in her lovely jewels and gowns. When Charlie was engrossed in picture production Paulette appeared with numerous escorts. When Paulette was working, Charlie did the same.

Recently his name was linked frequently with Jinx Falkenburg. They were itemed as a "Mocambination." Jinx, however, accompanied Paulette to the premiere of "Reckless"—because Charlie was unable to attend. Which upset the gossip.



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writers. One night Charlie brought Hedy Lamarr on his arm to the Mocambo. Hedy moved her slippers to dance with Charlie her stocking feet—so she wouldn't tower over the little man. Then he'd squire—Gloria Fairbanks, widow of his good friend, the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. But not so long ago it was Paulette who again appeared with Charlie—and he seemed radiantly happy. Everyone saw the diamond ring he had presented her as an anniversary gift. A gift from Mr. Chaplin to Mrs. Chaplin!

As unpredictable a married couple as Hollywood had ever known—each pursuing his and her life with complete freedom. A freedom that amazed and puzzled—but one which was completely understood by the rest of them.

Ten years is a long marriage in Hollywood. It was back in 1933 when Charlie took Paulette and her mother, Mrs. Alta Goddard, to the Orient on his yacht the *Panacea*. When the yacht, berthed at Singapore, Paulette stepped off wearing a wedding ring. Captain David Anderson, ship's skipper, had performed the ceremony at sea, as the announcement. Charlie registered the *Panacea* in Paulette's name as a wedding gift.

I once heard Paulette say that she had first met Charlie at her uncle's home in the South when she was a little girl. Charlie says they met again and he was introduced as the little girl who had grown up "with a face and a figure that any man couldn't forget."

Paulette had been married and divorced. She was a Ziegfeld girl with a contract as a show girl in a Sam Goldwyn movie. It is remembered that soon Charlie was escorting the buxom blonde Goddard girl. He announced she would be his leading lady in *Modern Times*. On completion of the picture Charlie and Paulette went to the Orient on their surprise honeymoon. On their return Paulette and her mother moved to the Chaplin mansion.

Only recently all had not seemed to go smoothly with Charlie and Paulette. Although mystery had shrouded their differences and quarrels—if any. Domestic rifts had been rumored from time to time twice Paulette had moved out of the Chaplin house and she had come back. Now it seemed wise to keep her own house in Cold

Water Canyon. Her mother has a home in Pasadena and Chaplin has a beach house at Santa Monica.

Paulette became the idol of Charlie's two sons. "Mrs. Chaplin was always a tomboy, pal to my sons, instead of a step-mother."

Charlie spoke of Paulette with a warm affection. According to Charlie, Mrs. Chaplin was a very wonderful little wife.

"Mrs. Chaplin was getting too famous for me," he said wistfully. "I had hoped she would be in all of my pictures. But she had so many pictures ahead of her on her contracts."

Charlie was referring to the screenplay he is scripting from "Shadow and Substance," the Broadway drama authored by Paul Vincent Carroll. The only play Charlie ever purchased and for which he paid \$25,000. At present he is coaching another young unknown girl, Joan Barry, who "has great talent" to play the feminine lead.

"The Dictator" made four millions and Charlie's "Gold Rush" has made a million since its reissue.

Charlie's great dramatic appeal to the world for peace and unity at the close of "The Dictator" brought on international controversy. Charlie himself commented on it—and asked for the opinion of those in our group—if he had exceeded or overstepped the bounds of propriety.

One noted author spoke up: "Mr. Chaplin," he said, "without a doubt you are the greatest comedian of the age. Heretofore your pictures, your portrayal of the humble little tramp, have made the world laugh. Your name is synonymous with comedy. What would you think if you had witnessed a clown at a circus give a great performance—a clown who had convulsed the audience with laughter. And at the end of the act—this clown seriously broke into the Gettysburg address?"

Charlie smiled. He did not remark. He sat thoughtfully looking at the fire. For some moments he sat quietly. Then he arose. "It has been a most delightful evening," he said, shaking hands all around. "I must be going."

There was a lull in the conversation after Charlie's departure. Then someone said, "Why, tonight was history-making in Hollywood! Charlie Chaplin for the first time talked about Paulette Goddard!"

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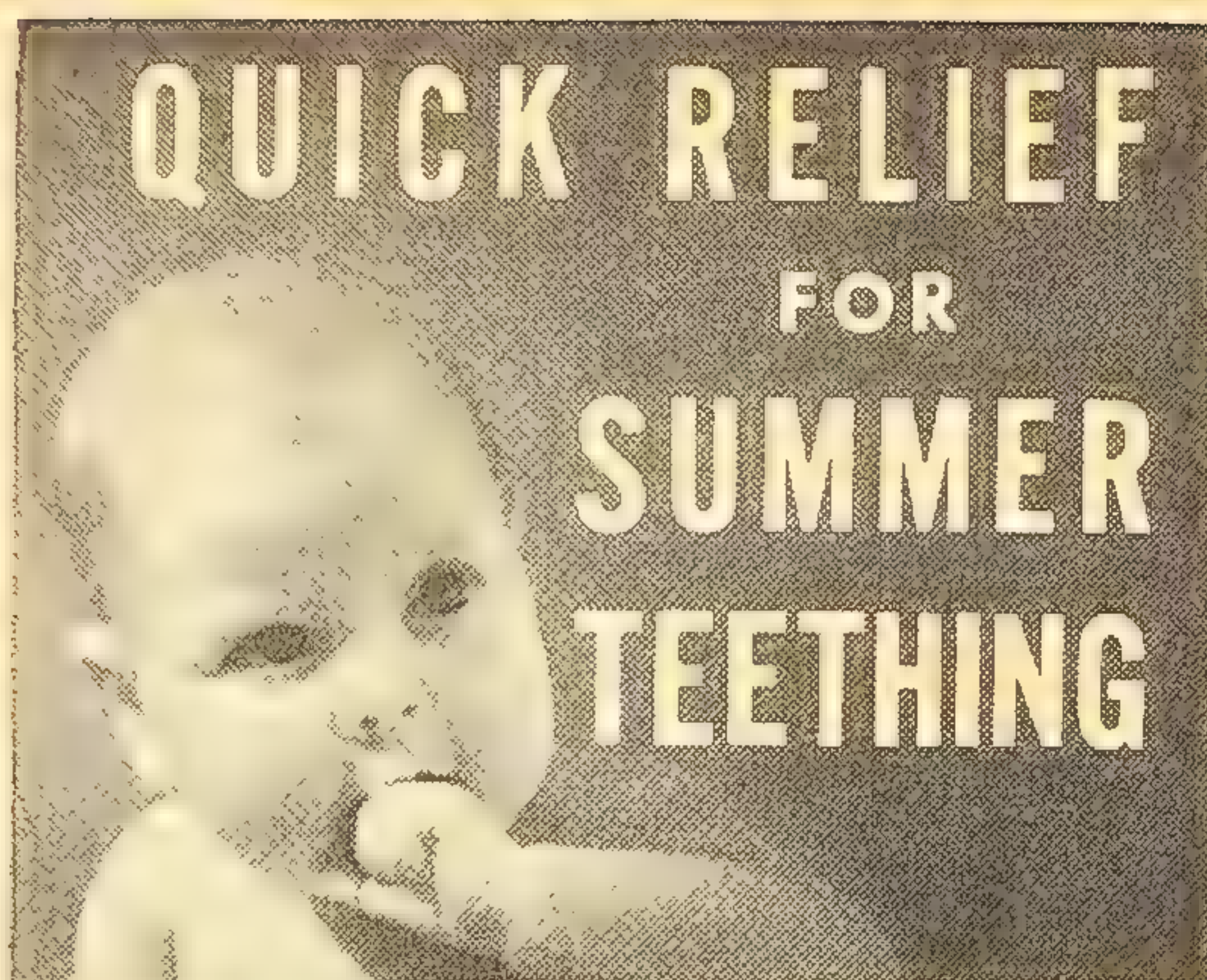
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Photo by Vandamm

When Loretta Young visited the American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen, the boys all gathered around and had a fine time asking Miss Young questions about Hollywood.





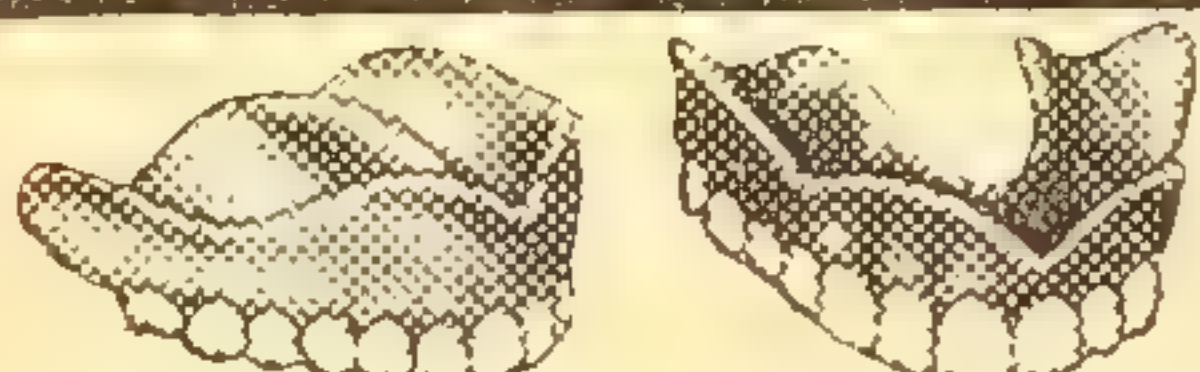
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## He's the Man Other Men Hate! But Women Lov

Continued from page 27

more proficient and came to understand how many points can be made or lost on the manner in which you approach the board, the way you bounce before the dive, he rigged up a diving-board in his backyard and spent additional hours practicing approaches and bounces.

He learned the less angle there is between the leg and foot as you dive—the more nearly you can make the foot seem a prolongation of the leg—the more points you get. And, of course, there is the matter of pointing the toes. So, when he went to bed at night he took a board with him and had his mother bind his feet and legs to the board so they gradually began to lie down instead of sticking up at right angles.

He put up a high bar in his back yard to practice giant swings and other acrobatics. Many a night Mrs. Ladd came home to apply poultices, hot or cold applications to a bruised and bleeding offspring. But he kept at it.

Eventually he became West Coast diving champion during the time Dutch Smith, Mickey Riley and Georgia Coleman were in their heyday.

"Why weren't you on the 1932 Olympic Swimming Team with them?" I asked him once.

Alan reddened but finally managed a grin. "I lost my nerve," he said simply. "I hit my head once and knocked myself cold. From then on I found that every time I went to make a dive I was worrying more about whether I'd hit my head again than I was about my form. A real diver never thinks about anything but form, once he starts towards the board. When I couldn't concentrate on that any more, I knew I'd never be any good again. So I quit."

But before he quit he acquired a trunk-

ful of medals for his various feats of athletic prowess and some press books a st might envy.

Once he went to a dance and though people were laughing at him. For several months after that he made the night hideous with the radio as he practiced dancing in the privacy of his living room dancing around by himself with a book to his head to insure poise and balance. By the next time he went to a dance he was a cup!

It was during his senior year at North Hollywood High, he was persuaded to sing the part of Koko in "The Mikado." His singing voice has yet to be heard in pictures but it attracted the attention of a talent scout from Universal who put him under contract, along with a bunch of college boys they were training for picture. Tyrone Power was one of the group but Ty lasted only a month. Alan was kept on for four. Then the "school" was disbanded.

He went to work as a "grip" at Warners Brothers but did little "gripping." He was shifted and became a "high man"—one of the men who rig up scaffolding in the rafters for the lights. "If I had to be a high man," Alan told me naively, "I made up my mind I was going to be an outstanding one. I used to swing back and forth forty feet up in the air—where none of the others would go."

He remained there two years, saving his money and enrolled in The Ben Bar School of Acting. Graduated, Alan nearly starved to death while looking for a chance to act. He never got a nibble, either from stage or screen. Then, somehow—I don't believe even he could tell you now how it happened—he got a chance on a local radio station. The result was he stayed on there for two years as the only stock



Jane Wyman and her soldier-husband Ronald Reagan went along with Mary Livingstone to greet the Jack Benny party on arrival for the dedication of the new San Francisco NBC Radio City. From left, photo shows: Lieut. Reagan, Mary (Mrs. B.), Jack, Jane, and Don Wilson.



or under salary to that radio station. "What happened after the two years?" inquired curiously.

"God sent me Sue," he replied soberly. "Sue Carol is the only agent I know of who will bother with an unknown. Most of them only want you after you've become famous because 10% of a beginner's salary is peanuts—and agents don't fool with peanuts. They're used to caviar."

"About Sue," I prompted him.

"Oh! Well, she heard me on a program one night when I was playing a dual rôle of a man of sixty and his son. She called me at the station and asked me to come and see her next day. For two years after that she plugged me and rooted for me. Film casting directors were ready to crawl over waste-baskets when they saw her coming."

"It's a funny thing," he went on, "during those years I was on the radio I never even had an occasional part in pictures. Two weeks after Sue signed me I played Paramount's 'Rulers of the Sea.' The pictures were pretty nice to me, too. I got a few bit parts after that, then the studio in an independent called 'Goose Step' tried out for the lead opposite Bette Davis in a Silver Theatre program and, personally, asked to have me with them. Then she asked for me again in a second program. I had two scenes in 'Captain Caution' and Director Richard Wallace started plugging for me. Then William S. Paley, supervisor of talent and casting at Paramount, said if I ever got the part I might go places."

"I guess," he laughed, "he didn't realize that he was letting himself in for when he said that to Sue because at least once a week after that she'd call on him to see what parts were coming up over there that he could do. Finally, after she'd got me a part in 'Joan of Paris,' she heckled him into giving me a test for 'Raven.' He gave me an interview with Frank Tuttle, who was to direct the film. After Mr. Tuttle talked to me he really went wholehearted on that test. He tested me for two days." [Author's Note: I saw that test and it is one of the finest tests I've seen in thirteen years of hanging around studios], "and then Paramount signed me a term contract."

Somewhere along the way Alan had married, and he has a small child. Both he and his wife realized they had made a mistake, however, and they separated shortly after their marriage and were divorced.

"People used to ask me," Alan said, "what I did when I wasn't working—if I played golf or tennis—if I went out at nights, and with whom. I'd fallen head over heels in love with Sue by that time, she was married. If I couldn't go out with her I didn't want to go out at all. I used to sit home nights and read. The only chance I had to see her was during the day. I used to chauffeur her around the studios and wait while she called on casting directors. Everyone knew she was plugging me and if anyone saw me they thought I was with her on an interview. I used to coach her other clients when they were going out for tests—kids who'd had no experience. Anything to be with her."

"When it finally got so we couldn't stand it any longer, Sue went to Las Vegas six weeks and got a divorce. A week later we went to Mexico and were married."

He looked at him curiously. "You're pretty sensitive, aren't you?" I asked gently.

Alan squirmed and looked uncomfortable. "I guess so," he admitted, then, suddenly: "Well, Dick! A person can't live by himself



Jack Benny, first star to go on air from new San Francisco Radio City studios, shown arriving for dedication, with Rochester acting as station porter. Jack didn't miss chance to give War Bonds and Stamps a big plug.

all those years the way I did—no one to play around with—no one to talk to—to confide in—and not be sensitive. When you don't mingle with people you don't understand them and you imagine insults and snubs when none are intended. You get your feelings hurt over nothing. But now I have Sue and I can only be hurt by her or through her—and Susie wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Tell me another thing," I persisted. "Whatever made you want to become an actor in the first place?"

He pondered that a moment. "I guess in a way, acting is just a continuation of my athletic career. When you're an athlete you're performing in front of people. You get used to applause, to reading about yourself and being pointed out when you go anywhere. When that stops you miss it. And I guess there was just enough ham in me to make me do something about it."

"Oh, yes," I remembered, "there's something else, too. Jack Mulhall once remarked you have more sex appeal in your voice than most actors have in their entire bodies. Who trained it?"

Alan looked uncomfortable again. "I guess I did," he confessed. "I used to notice when I was on the air a lot my throat and vocal chords got tired. It didn't seem to me it should be that way. So I started experimenting. I don't know much about the technical end of voice culture but I began imagining the roof of my mouth as a sort of sounding board and I thought, if, instead of trying to force words and sounds out through my mouth, I could just make them hit that sounding board they would bounce out. It worked. So then I began reading aloud to myself for practice—watching the clock to see how long I could read without tiring myself. It's good for diction and it gives you nuances of intonation, too, because if you don't vary your tones you even get tired of your own voice."

For the last half hour he'd been fidgeting, glancing out the window, growing more and more restless. All at once he jumped up, strode to the window and peered down the street.

"Let's go!" he cried, his face lighting up. "Here comes Susie. Isn't she wonderful?"

Folks, meet Alan Ladd!

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# "The Moon and Sixpence"

Continued from page 25

couldn't understand the miracle of this strangely beautiful woman who was his wife. His eyes worshipped her as she moved around the studio, and it wasn't only in his eyes she was beautiful; her beauty was there for all to see. They were a strange couple, this clown of a man and this tall lovely girl, and stranger still was the affection in her eyes as she looked at him, the deep feeling for him sensed under her reserve.

It was only when Geoffrey asked if by any chance Dirk had ever run across a painter named Strickland, that her reserve went.

"Beast!" The word came in a whisper and her blue eyes smouldered.

Dirk laughed as one would at the tantrum of a particularly adored child. "She doesn't like him," he explained superfluously.

But Blanche refused to be placated. "I don't like bad manners," she insisted.

"The fact remains that he's a great artist," Dirk shrugged. "A very great artist."

"Impossible!" Geoffrey said. "The man only began painting five years ago."

"I tell you he's a genius," Dirk insisted. "In a hundred years, if you and I are remembered at all, it will only be because we knew Charles Strickland."

"I think his pictures are awful!" Blanche couldn't conceal the loathing in her voice. "Dirk, you know yourself that people only laugh when you talk about his paintings. They think you're having a joke with them."

"Ah, sweetheart, you don't understand!" Dirk put his hand on hers. "Why should you think beauty is a stone on the beach for any passer-by to pick up? Beauty is something wonderful and strange that the artist creates in torment out of chaos. It isn't always easy to recognize it at first. For that you must have knowledge and sensitiveness and imagination." He turned to Geoffrey then. "I'll take you to see Strickland, if you like. He goes to a café in the Avenue de Clichy every evening at seven o'clock."

In spite of himself, Geoffrey felt that curious excitement over seeing the man again. He recognized him at once, even though he had grown a beard, for there was that same, almost fanatical light in his eyes, that burning intensity which would set him apart anywhere, and he was wearing the same suit he had on five years ago. Stained and threadbare, it looked as if it had been made for someone else as it hung on his emaciated body.

"Hullo, Fatty," he said insolently, as Dirk came over to him. "What do you want?"

"I've brought an old friend to see you." Dirk's smile closed over the hurt in his eyes.

"My friend Dirk thinks you're a great artist," Geoffrey put in quickly to cover his friend's embarrassment.

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment," Strickland shrugged.

When Dirk left, impatient to be with Blanche again, Geoffrey's first impulse was to leave with him. But already the fascination this complex man held for him was beginning to take hold. "Will you let me see your pictures?" he asked.

"Why should I?" The other looked at him insolently.

"I might feel inclined to buy one," Geoffrey said.

"I might not feel inclined to sell one," Strickland said. Then, "Will you lend me fifty francs?"

"I wouldn't dream of it!" Geoffrey made no attempt to hide his contempt. "since you're half starved, maybe I'll buy you a dinner, not that I care if you starve or not."

"All right, then." The man's eyes lit. "I'd like a decent meal."

He ate as if he hadn't eaten for days all through the dinner Geoffrey read paper propped up against the wine canter, until Strickland, exasperated being ignored, spoke to him abruptly. "disapprove of me, don't you?"

"Nonsense!" Geoffrey folded the paper and put it away. "I don't disapprove of you as a constrictor, either. On the contrary I'm interested in his mental processes."

"I see." Strickland nodded. "You're a writer and you take a purely professional interest in me."

"Why don't you ever send your work to exhibitions?" Geoffrey looked at him curiously. "Don't you want fame? It's something most artists aren't indifferent to."

"Why should I care for the opinion of the crowd when I don't care twopence for the opinion of the individual?" Strickland countered. "Sometimes I've thought of an island, somewhere off the map, where I could live and work in a hidden valley among strange trees, alone."

"Alone?" Geoffrey looked up. And as the other nodded solemnly, "Do you really mean that? Haven't you been alone since you came to Paris?"

"I haven't time for that sort of nonsense," Strickland said. Then, as Geoffrey chuckled, "Say, what are you sniggering at?" "What's the good of trying to hurt me?" Geoffrey demanded. "Let me tell you. For months the matter never comes into your head and you think you're finished with it for good and all. At last you call your soul your own. You seem to be with your head among the stars. And all of a sudden you can't stand it any more and you notice that all the time you've been walking in the mud and you want to roll yourself in it. And you find a woman. If she's coarse and vulgar, it's much the better. Can you explain that to me?"

For once Strickland seemed at a loss for an answer and as Geoffrey left he felt



Doris Dudley as Blanche Stroeve opposite George Sanders in "The Moon and Sixpence"





George Sanders as Charles Strickland, the painting genius, in "The Moon and Sixpence."

er wanted to see the man again. But on Christmas Eve when Dirk asked Geoffrey to go to his studio he felt he couldn't re-  
e. The room was in darkness and when y saw Strickland lying on the rags that re his bed, they knew at once that he s ill, dangerously ill. He had a raging er and hadn't eaten for days but when y talked to him, he only turned his face ably to the wall.

Neither of them spoke much on the way k to Dirk's studio but the painter's tle eyes were moist as he looked around room. It was such a contrast to that erty-stricken hovel they had come from. ere was a fire on the hearth and a gala le spread before it and Blanche, more utiful than ever in the party dress she s wearing, with the light from the can- s spreading a glow over her yellow hair d the soft flesh tones of her neck and ns, was sitting at the piano singing a ol and her eyes were almost as bright the gleaming star on top of the Christ- s tree as she turned to greet them.

It wasn't until she had brought the sses of eggnog and they had lifted them a happy toast that Dirk could speak of thing that was on my mind. "Blanche," said then, his eyes imploring her to un- stand, "Strickland is very ill. He may dying. He's alone in a filthy attic and re isn't a soul to look after him. I want a to let me bring him here."

"Oh, no!" She caught her breath sharp- pulling her hands away as he tried to d them. "No!"

"But he'll die," Dirk pleaded.

"Let him!" she said wildly.

"Darling, you don't mean that," Dirk per- ted. "He'll be no trouble to you. We'll ke him a bed in the studio. I'll do every- ng. We can't let him die like a dog."

"Do you think if you were ill, he'd stir finger to help you?" she demanded. "aven't you any spirit at all? You lie wn on the ground and let people trample ou. I'll never have him in my house. ver, never!"

"He has genius," Dirk said as if that plained everything. "But it's not only be- use of that I want to bring him here. s because he's a human being and he's and poor. Darling, it's not you who would rk a little trouble."

"If he comes here, I go!" Her eyes ooked at him starkly. "Now let me be! ou're driving me crazy."

Her tears came then, stormy, convulsive, d Dirk was on his knees beside her, lift- g her chin in his big, awkward hand, his

tears mingling with hers as he pressed his cheek close against her own. "Don't dar- ling," he whispered. "Please don't. I can't bear it when you cry."

Suddenly, it was as if she were a child, groping for words to explain something she herself couldn't wholly understand. "I'm frightened of him, I don't know why, but there's something in him that terrifies me. He'll do us some great harm. I know it. I feel it. If you bring him here, it can only end badly. Don't let him come here. Anyone else you like, a thief, a drunkard, any one off the streets. *But not him!*"

"You are my wife," Dirk said simply. "Dearer to me than anyone else in the world, and no one shall come here without your entire consent. But haven't you been in bitter distress once, when a helping hand was held out to you?" For a moment he paused embarrassed as she gave him that long, almost measuring look, and Geoffrey couldn't understand the change that came over her. "You know how much it means," Dirk went on, almost as if he were com- pelled to speak against his better judg- ment. "Wouldn't you like to do someone a good turn when you have the chance?"

There was no affection now as she looked at him. His words had seemed to raise a barrier between them, and her own when they came were cold and measured. "Bring him here, Dirk. I'll do my best for him." Then as he tried to take her in his arms, she avoided him. "Don't!" she said sharp- ly. "You make me feel such a fool."

That evening they brought Strickland to the studio. He was sick for six weeks and it was only Dirk's devotion that pulled him through those first days. The kindly little man gave up his work to nurse him; he squandered money on delicacies to tempt his appetite; he cajoled him into taking the medicine which Strickland with per- verse pleasure insisted he always take first, grinning sardonically when Dirk couldn't help grimacing over the bitter taste.

Dirk was sublime but it was Blanche who surprised Geoffrey. For after the first week, she took turns with Dirk, day and night, watching the sick man, feeding him, wash- ing him. She and Strickland never spoke but he kept looking at her with a curious irony and she endured the look with an expression Geoffrey could never fathom, an expression of perplexity and even, he sometimes thought, of fear.

But Strickland didn't show the slightest gratitude toward either of them. When he was recovering he sat up and began to paint, making no move to return to his own place, even having the effrontery to put Dirk out when he wanted the place to him- self. Until at last even that kind man's boundless patience reached the breaking point and he asked Strickland to leave im- mediately.

But Strickland only laughed, not as if he were amused, but as if he knew Dirk were being a fool, and said he would go at once. Then something in Blanche's face made Dirk wish he hadn't spoken. He knew something was going to happen even be- fore she spoke.

"I'm going with Strickland, Dirk," she said, very quietly. "I love him. I can't live with you any more. I can't help myself; I must go wherever he goes."

Dirk looked at her in stunned dismay as she walked towards the door. He tried to tell her how he loved her, but all the affection she had once felt for him was gone. It was useless to try to hold her and he knew he couldn't bear to think of her living in that awful hovel.

"Wait!" he said desperately. Then as she paused, her hand on the door, "I'll go. Will you pack my clothes and leave them with the concierge? I'll come for them to- morrow." Only when he reached the door did he try to smile. "I'm grateful, Blanche, for the happiness you gave me in the past," he said.

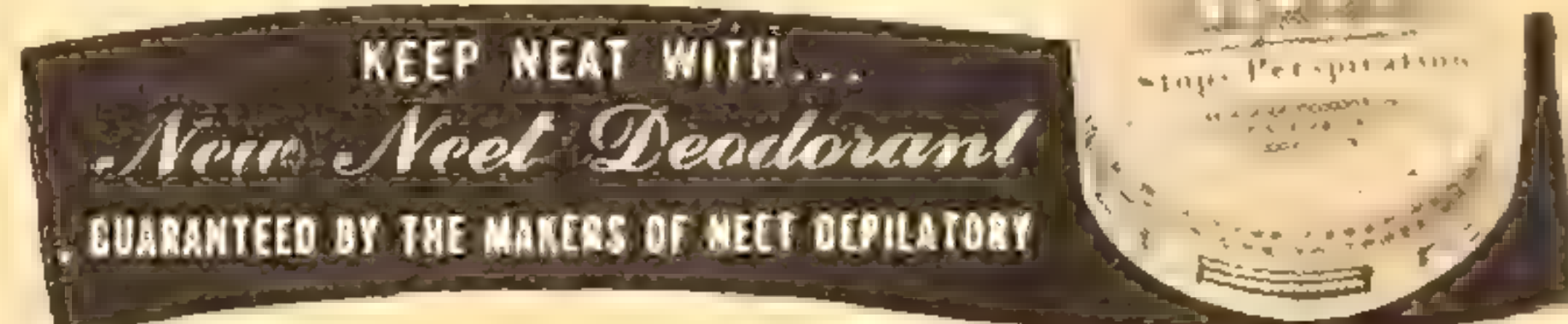
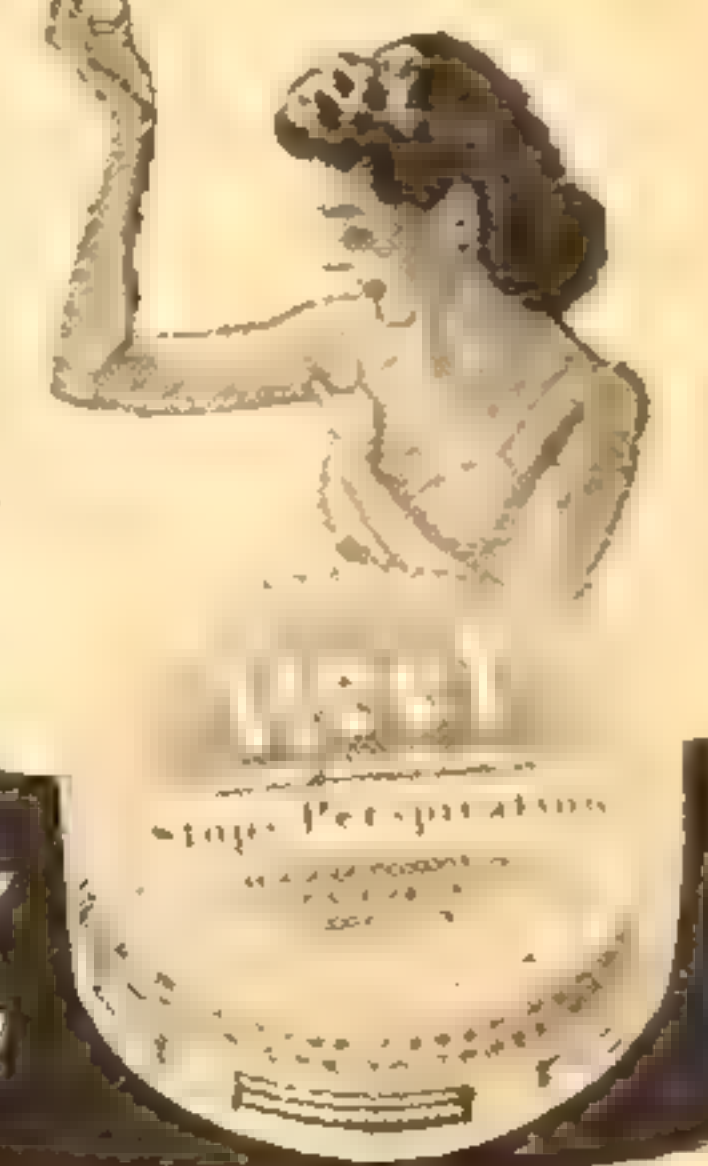
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For a while Strickland and Blanche were seen every now and then around the Latin Quarter, acting so almost normally that they gave the appearance they had settled down into a most domestic couple. But that only made the thing that happened the more startling. Strickland left her and Blanche took poison.

Dirk went to the studio at once but she turned away when she saw him and tried to beat her head against the wall, begging the doctor to send him away. But Dirk couldn't keep away. He followed her to the hospital when the ambulance came, and they brought him a chair and allowed him to sit outside her door. For three days and nights he sat there, but it wasn't until she became unconscious that they allowed him to go in to her. It was awful for him to see her, her mouth and chin burnt by the acid, her lovely skin all wounded. He hardly knew how long it was that he stood there looking down at her, his heart so numb he couldn't even cry. And she died peacefully, so that he didn't know she was dead until the nun came in and drew the covers over her poor scarred face.

Dirk went back to Holland after the funeral and Geoffrey never saw him again. But he couldn't avoid Strickland. It was characteristic of that strange man to be cordial toward anyone who avoided him, and one day when Geoffrey came upon him in a second-hand bookstall he greeted the writer almost exuberantly.

"I don't want to know you," Geoffrey said coldly. "Will you get that in your loathsome cranium once and for all?"

"Are you afraid I'll corrupt you?" Strickland grinned, and then as Geoffrey turned to go, "Look here, you've always said you wanted to see my pictures. If you come with me now, I'll show them to you."

For all the horror Geoffrey felt there was the cold curiosity, equally impelling, and he couldn't resist the opportunity. The paintings he saw that afternoon are now owned by great museums and wealthy collectors and afterwards Geoffrey wished that he had recognized their beauty and originality then, that he had seen the genius which now the whole world acknowledges. But he didn't. They were different from any school of painting he had ever known; they seemed unformed, almost crude; still they filled him with an emotion

he couldn't analyze, exciting and disturbing at the same time.

"I sense a prodigious effort in your work," he said at last. "You're like a tormented spirit trying to free itself. I'm not sure that I don't pity you."

"You're a dreadful sentimentalist," Strickland mocked him.

"Perhaps," Geoffrey looked at him steadily. "I don't know a great deal about painting. I confess, I was interested in seeing your pictures primarily because I thought they might give me a clue to your character, some explanation of your horrible behavior to Dirk and Blanche Stroeve. Then as Strickland continued to regard him with ill-concealed amusement, he went on heatedly, "Dirk saved your life. Have you the smallest twinge of remorse?"

"Why should I?" Strickland shrugged. "The absurd little man enjoys doing this for other people."

"Even if you weren't grateful," Geoffrey went on, "were you obliged to go out your way to take his wife from him? They were happy until you came. Why could you leave them alone?"

"What makes you think they were happy?" He smiled, and then as Geoffrey pointed out that it had been obvious to them, "Do you think she could ever have forgiven him for what he did for her? Don't you know why he married her? She was a governess in the family of a Roman prince and got involved with a son of the house. She thought he was going to marry her. They turned her out and she tried to commit suicide. Stroeve found her and married her, and a woman can forgive a man for the harm he does her, but she can never forgive him for the sacrifice he makes on her behalf."

"That is without doubt the most cynical observation I have ever heard!" Geoffrey couldn't repress his shudder. "Will you tell me why you bothered with her at all?"

"How do I know?" Strickland shrugged. "She couldn't bear the sight of me. It amused me." Then as Geoffrey continued looking at him in that cool, impersonal way, he burst out furiously, "If you must know, she attracted me!"

"But why did you want to take away with you?" Geoffrey persisted.

"I didn't," Strickland frowned. "When she said she was coming, I was nearly



Devi Dja and some of the girls in her troupe of native dancers. These tropical island sirens with their quaint costumes add interest and beauty to the new film, "The Moon and Sixpence."



prised as Stroeve. I told her that when was through with her she'd have to go, and she said she'd risk that. Besides, I needed practice in painting the female figure."

"Why did you leave her?" the other demanded.

"When I finished the picture I no longer had any interest in her."

It was the matter of fact way he said it, more than the words, which shocked the artist. "And she loved you with all her heart!" he said.

"I don't want love!" For the first time Strickland was really agitated as he strode around the studio. "I haven't time for it. Love is a disease. It's weakness. I can't overcome my desire, but I hate it. It interferes with my work. Women have their place but I have no patience with their whim to be helpmates, partners, companions. When a woman loves you she's not satisfied until she possesses your soul. Because she's weak she has a rage for domination, and nothing less will satisfy her. Do you remember my wife? I saw Blanche die by little trying all her tricks, trying to ensnare and bind me, to bring me down to her level. She was willing to do everything in the world for me except the thing I wanted, to leave me alone."

Geoffrey was silent for a moment, overcome by this passionate apology. Then, "What did you expect her to do when you left her?" he asked.

"She could have gone back to Stroeve. He was ready to take her."

"You're inhuman!" Geoffrey stared at Strickland incredulously. "It's as useless to talk to you as to try to describe colors to a man who is blind."

Strickland stared at him in contemptuous amazement. "Can you honestly say you don't know if Blanche Stroeve is alive or dead?" he demanded. And as Geoffrey, taken aback by the unexpected question, stared at him unable to answer, the other went on heatedly. "You haven't the courage of your convictions! Blanche Stroeve didn't commit suicide because I left her but because she was a foolish and unbalanced woman. She was an entirely unimportant person. Anyway, it's something quite different I'm looking for now. I've decided to leave Paris to search for it. I'm going to look for that land we once talked about, a tropical land where life is primitive, where the sun is hot and the colors are strong. Maybe there I'll find what I want."

Geoffrey always had the idea that some men are born out of their due place and have a longing for countries which perhaps their ancestors left ages ago, a longing that sent them wandering until they found upon a land to which they felt they belonged, the one place they could call home and settle down and make an end of wandering. He felt Strickland was one of these men and that something like that happened to him in Tahiti. For it was to that lovely island he came at last and it was there he painted the pictures for which he is now most famous. And if, many years later, Geoffrey's own travels had not brought him to Tahiti, he might never have discovered the strange and romantic events which determined him to write Strickland's life story.

The whole world was interested in Strickland now and Geoffrey had heard it was to the Hotel de la Fleur the painter had come. He had been as ruthless in his desire to get away as he had been in everything else and had stolen a seaman's papers in Marseilles to ship as a crew member on a cargo boat sailing for the South Seas. And as soon as he saw Tahiti he knew he had reached the place of his longing.

It was from Tiare Johnson, the proprietress of the Hotel de la Fleur, that Geoffrey learned the things that had been hidden so long. She was the daughter of a native Tahitian woman and an English sea captain and her

nature was as generous as her proportions. Hospitality was a passion with her and no one needed to go hungry when there was anything to eat at the Hotel de la Fleur. Although she herself was now too old and fat for romance she took a keen interest in the amorous problems of the young and was always ready with advice and example from her own wide experience.

"I've had six husbands," she told Geoffrey that day they talked. "And now that that's all over I'm the busiest match-maker on the island! I did very well by Strickland, if I do say so."

"Who was she?" Geoffrey asked.

"Her name was Ata," Tiare's voice softened. "She was a relative of mine on my mother's side and she lived here with me. She helped to do the rooms and I taught her French and English. And when Strickland came I knew perfectly well Ata was taken with him."

It had happened years ago, but it seemed only yesterday as Tiare talked. Sometimes her laughter came, that laughter that began as a soft peal in her throat and grew and grew so that her whole vast body shook from it. And sometimes her eyes were sad. Yes, it seemed only yesterday sitting there talking about it.

"You've got no money," she had said to Strickland. "And you never can keep a job for more than a month. What you need is a woman to look after you. A man of your age should settle down. Now what do you say to marrying Ata? She has a bit of property down by Taravao and with copra the price it is you could live quite comfortably. There's a house and you'd have all the time you wanted for your painting. Now what do you say to it?"

"What does Ata say?" Strickland asked, his eyes following the girl moving so gracefully around the room, her warm brown eyes seeking his and holding them.

"It appears she has a *beguin* for you," Tiare laughed knowingly. "She's willing if you are. Ata, come here."

You've all seen Ata in Strickland's paintings: Ata with her mouth the color of the hibiscus flower she sometimes wore in her hair, Ata with her soft, rounded child's body and her questioning child's eyes. Still, you couldn't hear her voice, gentle like a wind sighing through the palms, or know her tenderness and her generosity. But Strickland knew them, staring at her as she stood there before him in the ill-fitting Mother Hubbard that could not hide her loveliness.

"I shall beat you, you know," he said, his smile taking the brutality from his words.

"How else should I know you loved me?" she said simply, and when she looked at him her eyes were soft with her love.

She was beautiful and she loved him and she asked nothing from him, and it was a good arrangement. It didn't go deeper than that with Strickland. He thought the wedding was pretty much of a joke, with all the natives wearing their store clothes as they crowded the little church and he himself wearing the frock coat which had belonged to Tiare's fourth husband.

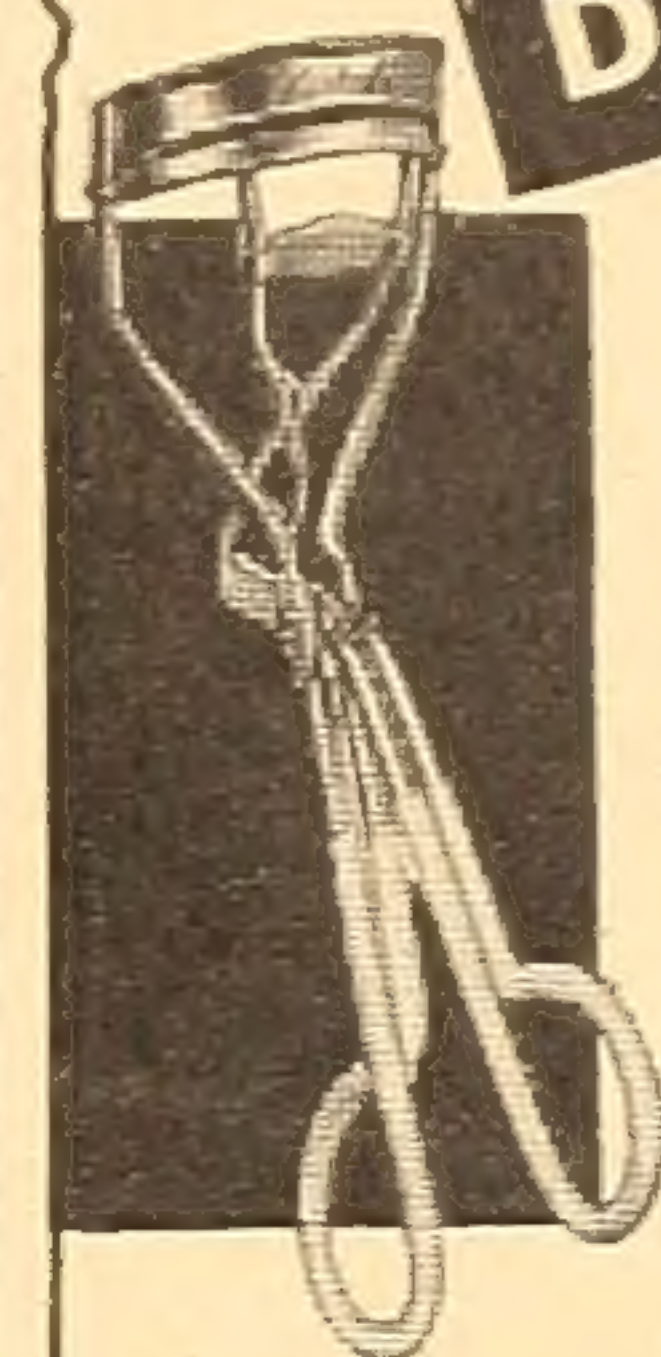
The islanders could hardly wait for the wedding feast, and what a night it was. They sang and danced almost until morning and later Ata took off her wedding dress and put on her native costume and danced for Strickland alone, and as she danced she moved closer and closer to him and then suddenly flung herself into his arms. And his blood pounded in his veins as he held her.

Ata's house was in a beautiful spot. There was a little stream near by and the sea wasn't far away. There was fish to eat, and wild oranges in the hills. She had a lot of relatives like all the islanders and they did the work around the place and helped with the coconut harvest and Strickland painted everything and everyone in sight. But most of all he painted Ata, and



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afterwards he painted her baby too, that happy little boy the very image of himself.

And it was strange how everyone accepted Strickland and liked him, Strickland who had been the most hated man in Paris. He was happy here. Maybe that was the answer. Still there was that one obsession, that compulsion that he had something to say, and the fear that he might die before he said it tortured him.

Then one day Ata went to town for the doctor, cautioning him that she had not told Strickland he was coming. The doctor was impatient at first, going that long distance to see a man well enough to keep on with his painting, but when he got to the house and took that one look at him, all his annoyance fled.

"Ata's a blasted fool," Strickland said, putting down his easel. "I've had a few aches and a little fever lately but it's nothing."

"Look at yourself in the glass," the doctor said quietly. And then as the painter obeyed, impatient at being taken from his work, "Don't you see anything strange in your face? The thickening of your features, and a look, how shall I describe it, the books call it lion-faced? My poor friend, must I tell you that you have a horrible disease?"

"You're joking!" Strickland drew his breath in sharply. Then as the doctor shook his head, "You mean to tell me I have—leprosy?"

He saw the truth in the doctor's eyes and he rushed madly out to the verandah and the men and women waiting there ran when they saw him coming. Only Ata still

stood there, the tears streaming down her cheeks, though she made no sound.

"Dry your tears!" Strickland ordered curtly. "There's no great harm. I shall leave you soon, go up into the mountains. You and the boy can go to Papeete."

"Let the others go," Ata said then. "I won't leave you. You are my man and I am your woman. I will go wherever you go."

"What are you saying?" Strickland looked at her almost suspiciously. Then he put his hand on her hair as she flung herself at his feet. "I will stay, poor child," he said, and his voice was gentle.

Ata sent the baby away when her relatives left and the women of the neighborhood were angry because she washed clothes in the brook and one day a native boy threw a stone at her. It was fear that had driven him to cruelty and there were tears in all their eyes when they saw the wound it had made in her forehead. Then they ran screaming as Strickland came crashing out of the underbrush where he had been hiding, the leper's bell about his throat ringing as he ran after them.

Something broke in him as he looked at her. "I'm sorry, Ata," he whispered.

"It's nothing." She smiled but she leaned against him as he took one of the cloths she had laid out to dry and dipped it in the brook and washed the wound. "It doesn't hurt now."

He dipped the cloth in the brook again and he couldn't look at Ata as he spoke. "There's something I've been wanting to tell

you." The words came hesitantly, almost clumsily. "But I can't seem to find the words."

"Love?" Ata whispered, and her smile came again through her tears, and there were tears in his eyes too as he suddenly knew the truth he had hidden from himself.

"Love," he said. And they both smiled through their tears as they looked at each other.

It was almost two years later the doctor heard Strickland was dying. He heard the weird lament of the islands and the beating drums as he went once more to the house. It was bedraggled and unkempt and dilapidated. At first he saw nothing as he went inside for the brilliant sunlight out of doors had blinded him. Then suddenly it was as if he had entered a magic world. There was an impression of a vast forest and of native people walking beneath the trees all larger than life. Then he saw that there were paintings on the wall from floor to ceiling. It was as if he were present at the beginning of a world. It was tremendous, sensual, passionate, and terrifying all at the same time. A sort of garden of Eden, it was a hymn to the beauty of the human form and the praise of nature, sublime, indifferent, lovely and cruel. He knew it was genuine. He had come upon here in this native hut a fold of the mountains above Taravao.

And then he looked at the man lying in the bed and saw that he was dead. Strickland was fortunate in the end. He had been able to say the thing that tortured him for so long. He had painted it all on the walls of Ata's house. It was all there, every bit of it.

None of the natives would come near the house, so that it was the doctor who dug Strickland's grave and when it was finished he stuck a crude cross at the head of it and Ata stood beside him as he said a last prayer for the dead. But as he finished she suddenly seized the lighted torch standing in the ground nearby and ran with it to the house, touching the walls, the doors and the roof so that soon the hut was consumed in flames.

The doctor tried to enter the hut but the intense heat of the fire stopped him. That he could only stand there impotent, seeing all that genius die. "Do you know what you've done?" he demanded, taking Ata by the shoulders, flinging her around so violently that she fell to the ground.

"I had to do it!" she gasped. "I had to. It didn't belong to you," the doctor stormed. "Or to him. It belonged to the world."

"He made me promise," she said simply.

Tiare made no pretense of hiding her tears as she came to the end of the street. "The doctor thought Strickland knew what he had created a masterpiece," she said. "That he achieved what he wanted. His life was complete. He made a world and then his pride and contempt he destroyed it and he had destroyed him."

But Geoffrey felt it wasn't as simple as that. He knew Ata had taught Strickland what Geoffrey thought he would never learn and that she brought him the true happiness that life holds and that Strickland became not only a better man for it, but a greater artist. And the wonder came if there might not have been a strange design in Strickland's career, a sort of providence which brought him suffering and the simple devotion of another human being to redeem his twisted soul.

But why had he wanted his last greatest paintings destroyed? The doctor's explanation did not entirely satisfy him. Yet for all that he knew of Strickland and all that he guessed, something had eluded him. The clues were all there, still they were unrecognized. Strickland had kept his secret to . . . he had kept his secret to the end.



# THE CASE OF THE MISSING BEAUTY

Jane was a smart stenographer.  
One day the boss said, "We need a girl  
For the outer office—one with real  
CHARM and PERSONALITY—to greet clients."  
Jane sighed. She knew she was NEAT.  
Her nose was always CAREFULLY powdered,  
And she used the right shade of lipstick,  
But her EYES were, well—just a BLANK!  
That very day she learned about MAYBELLINE  
Just as YOU are doing—

P. S. Jane is now a well-paid RECEPTIONIST  
But she won't be LONG—  
(She is to be MARRIED SOON!)

MORAL: *It's a WISE stenographer  
who knows how to make the  
MOST of her own TYPE!*

es now appear  
and lovely—with  
brush-strokes of  
MAYBELLINE  
(solid or cream  
th are water-  
d non-smarting).

brows now have  
and character,  
the smooth-mark-  
ELLINE EYE-  
NCIL.

the touch of added  
blends a bit of  
MAYBELLINE  
DOW on her lids  
s appear more  
d colorful!

yes thrilling beauty . . . be  
t genuine MAYBELLINE,  
ake-up in Good Taste.



# Maybelline



L D' S L A R G E S T - S E L L I N G E Y E B E A U T Y A I D S



# Invite Romance with a Skin that's Lovely go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

*This thrilling idea is based  
on the advice of skin specialists—  
praised by charming brides!*

**H**AVE YOU ever heard a man say of another woman—"Her skin is lovely"—and wondered what he was thinking of yours? Wonder no longer—be sure your skin invites romance! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Let this exciting beauty treatment help bring out all the real, hidden loveliness of your skin. For, without knowing it, you may be cleansing your skin improperly... or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Thorsen's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "Not a morning... not a night would I let go by without following my Mild-Soap Diet routine," she says.

## **Tests prove Camay milder!**

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested. Start today on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For 30 days use Camay faithfully night and morning. From the very first treatment, your skin will feel fresher—more alive. And in a few short weeks greater loveliness may be your reward.



## **GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!**



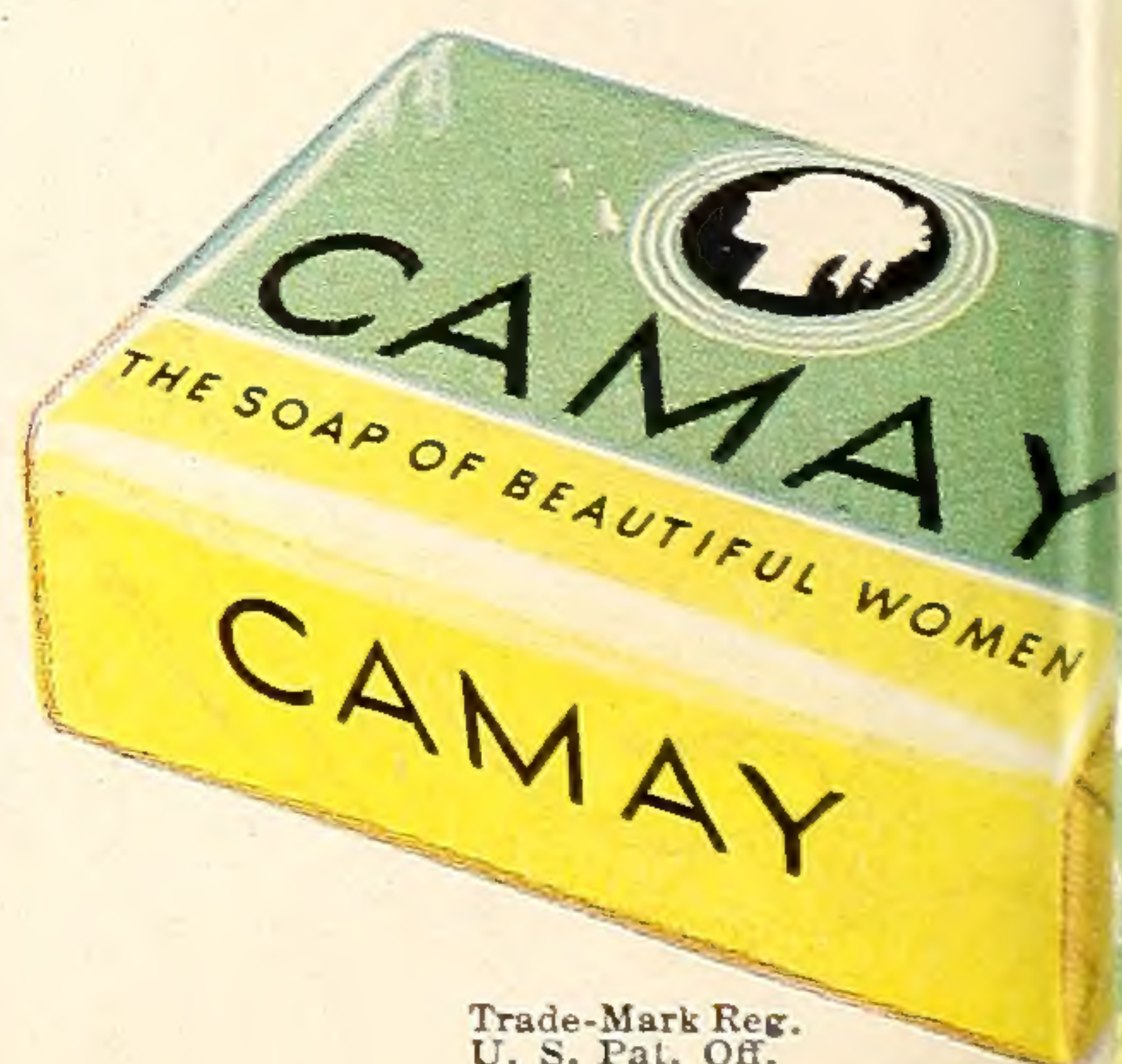
**Get three cakes of Camay today!** Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.



**In the morning,** one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

**FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!**

**This lovely bride,** Mrs. Robert M. Thorsen, of Evanston, Ill., says: "I've found the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to be a treatment that really works for skin loveliness. I'm so pleased with what it's done for my complexion!"



Trade-Mark Reg.  
U. S. Pat. Off.